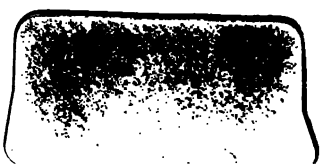
FAVOURITE FIELD FLOWERS

48. 1780.



FAVOURITE FIELD FLOWERS;

OR,

WILD FLOWERS OF ENGLAND

POPULARLY DESCRIBED;

THE LOCALITIES IN WHICH THEY GROW, THEIR TIMES OF FLOWERING, &c.

AND ILLUSTRATIVE POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

By ROBERT TYAS, B.A.,

QUEENS' COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;

AND FELLOW OF THE ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.

In hedgerows and in fields our favourites grow;
And morn, and noon, and dewy eve, they throw
Their fragrance on light vapours floating by
Where Nature bids her choicest beauties lie.

With Twelve Coloured Groups of Flowers.

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PREFACE.

Our design in writing the following pages was to supply entertaining and instructive accounts of such plants, indigenous to Britain, as are most generally known and admired; whose names are familiar as household words with thousands who seldom, if ever, had seen them in their native wilds, and who scarcely knew them when seen. Many a one doomed to toil for daily bread within close pent cities, reading the name of some fair floweret of the vale, and seeing how it is associated in the mind of his author with pleasant thoughts and sweet recollections, has loved the flower. To such we purposed to bring a more intimate acquaintance with these bright and cheerful favourites of still merry England.

In hedgerows and in fields our favourites grow;
And morn, and noon, and dewy eve, they throw
Their fragrance on light vapours floating by
Where Nature bids her choicest beauties lie.

And from such places have we culled pictured representations of our subjects, and so faithful we conceive them to be, that they who have become acquainted with their features through our volume may recognize the originals as they roam through meadow, grove, or woodland, and knowing, look on them as on old friends, aye, and old friends, too, who never change the manner of their greeting. Fragrant flowers shed their sweetness alike for rich and poor, and the richness of their coloured petals varies as the feelings of those who look on them. How fine, how delicate, the sympathy thus silently expressed; how soothing to the troubled spirit the calm and gentle influence of true Nature!

To render more familiar these scattered treasures; to portray their characters; to point out at what seasons we may look for them in their prime, and in what localities we may find them; to furnish sure tokens whereby we may really know them when found, was the object of our volume. Poetry derived from the writings of those well known to fame, when it could be found, was inwoven with the text; and this plan, *once adopted,* rendered it necessary, where none

existed, that some should be written. The necessity of the case compelled the Editor very reluctantly to insert compositions of his own, being painfully conscious of their unworthiness to appear in the same pages with those he had selected.

It is, however, gratifying to know, from the oral and written testimony of many of the subscribers, that the volume has not failed to please; and that the determination to abide by the limit originally fixed for the extent of the work will be regretted by not a few of them.

We rejoice that our efforts have been so far successful, and that we have reason to believe that our readers perceive new beauties, and have acquired new associations which make their meeting with our favourite field flowers more interesting and more joyous; and that they delight in their rural walks more than heretofore, through our humble labours.

We cannot close these few observations without expressing our acknowledgements for the kind assistance rendered by our friend, and companion in many a rural ramble, James Goodday, Esq., of Queens' College, Cambridge, whose previous

knowledge of the localities in which we discovered most of our favourites, was of the greatest service.

March, 1848.

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MR. JAMES ANDREWS.

FAVOURITE FIELD FLOWERS.

THE SNOWDROP.

Galanthus nivalis; *Linn.* Perce-neige; *Fr.* Schneetröpfchen; *Germ.* Wittertje; *Dutch.* Galanto; *Ital.* Hó virág; *Hung.*

Winter's gloomy night withdrawn,
Lo! the young romantic hours—
Search the hills, the dale, the lawn,
To behold the Snowdrop white
Start to light,
And shine in Flora's desert bowers;
Beneath the verdant dawn
The morning star of flowers.

MONTGOMERY.

WHAT flower can we more appropriately place on our opening page than the Snowdrop? It is almost universally regarded as the first that greets us when chilly Winter is retiring at the approach of genial and life-restoring Spring. We often find it while the earth is yet covered with snow, just hanging its pearly head above the surface of earth's white mantle, and we feel it to be the token of a change in which all nature rejoices. Thus it has come to be considered the herald or harbinger of Spring, of that glorious season when every created being seems to be endowed with fresh life, when the trees put on their verdant attire, and the birds carol amid their branches, exulting in the genial warmth of the vernal sun; when *hill and dale*, plain and woodland, teem with

varied riches, springing spontaneously from the bosom of the earth.

Botanists now admit the claim of the Snowdrop to be an indigenous flower, though we do not find this stated anywhere without the expression of a doubt; from which we are led to infer, that in former times it was so rarely found in a wild state as to render it dubious whether it was a native plant, or whether by some means it had been transferred from the cultivated garden into the grove or coppice where it happened to be discovered. This question is not, however, of much importance. At the present day it grows abundantly in an uncultivated state in Lancashire, where a bouquet of wild Snowdrops is preferred to one of those grown in the garden, as much as we prize a bunch of field violets to those cultivated in the parterre.

The Snowdrop is a simple flower, and no doubt the favour with which it is regarded arises from the circumstances attending the period of its blooming. In mild seasons it presents itself to our notice as early as January, though more frequently in the beginning of February, when, though snow conceal the ground, "our Lady of February," as the monks of old used to call it, makes her appearance.

> "Sous un voile d'argent, la terre ensevelie
> Me produit malgré sa fraîcheur;
> La neige conserve ma vie,
> Et, me donnant son nom, me donne sa blancheur.
>
> BENSERADE.

How nicely fitted by Almighty Wisdom is every created thing for the circumstances under which it exists! This, "the first pale blossom of the unripened year," is *attached with such* delicacy to the flower-stalk on which

it hangs drooping, that it yields readily to the lightest breath of Zephyr, and bends freely before the rude blasts of Boreas, without any danger of its being detached. From its pendent position, all superfluous moisture runs down the backs of the petals on to the earth, and the pollen is thus protected both from being blown or washed away; so that the flower perfects its seeds in security.

Like many of our Spring-flowering plants, the Snowdrop rises from a bulb, which throws out from its base numerous unbranched thread-like roots; the flower-stalk rises between two strap-shaped, keeled, and blunt leaves, which are enclosed through half their length in a tubular sheath. Near the summit of the flower-stalk is a spathe which originally enveloped the bud. In the Linnæan system it is in the class *Hexandria* and order *Monogynia*. In the natural system it is placed among the *Amaryllideæ*. It is found in groves, meadows, and pastures, in various parts of Great Britain and Ireland.

Should those of our readers who have a garden, (but not any Snowdrops in it,) wish to see this simple flower in their grounds, they must procure the bulbs, and plant them in August, about two inches apart, and the same space below the surface. They will increase rapidly when they have been planted two years, and as soon as they grow too thickly, they must be taken up at Midsummer, and kept in a dry place until the time for planting.

The Snowdrop has ever been a favourite with the poet. The purity of its whiteness has afforded a beautiful image to the Rev. John Keble, who has applied his address "*To the Snow*drop" to a sacred purpose:—

" Thou first-born of the year's delight,
Pride of the dewy glade,
In vernal green and virgin white,
Thy vestal robes, array'd;

'Tis not because thy drooping form
Sinks graceful on its nest,
When chilly shades from gathering storm
Affright thy tender breast.

Nor from yon river islet wild
Beneath the willow spray,
Where, like the ringlets of a child,
Thou weav'st the circle gay;

'Tis not for these I love thee dear,—
Thy shy averted smiles
To fancy bode a joyous year,
One of life's fairy isles.

They twinkle to the wintry moon,
And cheer th' ungenial day,
And tell us all will glisten soon
As green and bright as they.

Is there a heart, that loves the Spring,
Their witness can refuse?
Yet mortals doubt, when angels bring
From heaven their Easter news:

When holy maids and matrons speak
Of Christ's forsaken bed,
And voices, that forbid to seek
The living 'mid the dead,

And when they say, 'Turn wandering heart,
'Thy Lord is ris'n indeed,
'Let pleasure go, put care apart,
'And to his presence speed;'

We smile in scorn: and yet we know
They early sought the tomb,
Their hearts, that now so freshly glow,
Lost in desponding gloom.

They who have sought, nor hope to find,
Wear not so bright a glance;
They who have won their earthly mind,
Less reverently advance.

But where, in gentle spirits, fear
And joy so duly meet,
These sure have seen the angels near,
And kiss'd the Saviour's feet.

Nor let the pastor's thankful eye
Their faltering tale disdain,
As on their lowly couch they lie,
Prisoners of want and pain.

O guide us, when our faithless hearts,
From Thee would start aloof,
Where patience her sweet skill imparts
Beneath some cottage roof:

Revive our dying fires, to burn
High as her anthems soar,
And of our scholars let us learn
Our own forgotten lore.

From a volume of poetry, original and selected, by John Bleaden, Esq., which has just been published, we quote a pleasing anonymous address to the Snowdrop.

"My flowers have droop'd their gentle head,
Their life is gone, their fairness fled,
And they are numbered with the dead.

They only bloom, that we may see
'Tis not a world where they may be
In all their taintless purity.

They shrink beneath a cloudy sky,
And seem to look around and sigh,
Then droop imploringly to die.

And thus, if Innocence were found
Once more on earth's unholy ground,
She would but gaze in sadness round;

Then breathe a prayer with uprais'd eye,—
'*Look pitying* Heaven, ah! let me fly,
And take me to my home on high.'"

SNAKE'S-HEAD LILY.

Fritillaria; *Linn.* La Fritillaire méléagre; *Fr.* Das Kiebitzey; *Ger.* Kievitsbloem; *Dutch.* Fritillaria; *Ital.* La fritilaria; *Sp.* A fritilaria; *Port.* Vibeæg; *Dan.* Vipaagg; *Swed.*

A weed! yes, such this flower is dèemed
Where too numerous it is found;
And yet to others it hath seemed
A pretty plant for cultured ground.

MS.

THE common Fritillary, so called from its chequered marks, whence it would appear to have been thought to present some resemblance to the interior of the Roman dice-box *(Fritillus)*, is an elegant flower, and is found in great abundance in meadows and pastures in the eastern and southern counties of England, during the month of April; and is said to be so common in Suffolk and Norfolk, as to be a troublesome weed. It is also frequently found in the neighbourhood of the Thames and other tidal rivers, preferring apparently those localities which are occasionally overflowed by water. It grew so plentifully in a particular pasture between Mortlake and Kew, that, on that account, a field there is called Snake's-head Meadow.

Being a liliaceous plant, it has been called by some authors the Chequered Daffodil, and from the similarity of its markings to those of the guinea-fowl, it has also been named the Guinea-hen Flower, whence the specific name Meleagris (Μελεαγρὶς), the Greek term by which Aristotle is believed to have distinguished that bird.

The Snake's-head Lily is of the same Linnæan class

and order as the Snowdrop, and also belongs to the natural order *Amaryllideæ*.

It is hardy, bulbous, and has a leafy stem, from the extremity of which the flower hangs pendent. The segments of the flowers have a singular cavity at the base, secreting a limpid saccharine fluid, which continues suspended in the form of a drop until the flower loses its freshness.

By cultivation, the Fritillary will expand its stamens into petals, and the flower then becomes double. It increases naturally by offsets, but Miller states that new varieties can be raised only from seed, by which process also the number of plants is augmented more rapidly. The seeds require to be sown as soon as possible when ripe, rather thickly, in shallow boxes, and to be covered with sifted mould, about a quarter of an inch in thickness. The boxes must be placed so as to receive the morning sun only until October, when they may be moved to a south aspect. In winter, they need to be covered, to preserve them from severe frost. The plants make their appearance about March, and as summer advances, the boxes may be put where the plants will be sheltered from the meridian sun. In August, plant them out in light earth, and in about three years from the time they were sown, flowers will reward your labour and your patience.

The Crown Imperial, which presents itself so gaily in our gardens in April, belongs to this family; it was imported here about three centuries ago, and, being a native of Persia, was for a long time called the Persian Lily.

THE SWEET-SCENTED VIOLET.

Viola. Violet de Mars; *Fr.* Das märgveilchen; *Ger.* Tamme viool; *Dutch.* Viola marzia; *Ital.* Violeta; *Sp.* Pachutschaja fialko; *Russ.*

Ah, me! what pleasant thoughts do spring
When "Violets!" I hear;
How sweet the mind's imagining
Of many a by-gone year!

I've pluck'd them on the grassy bank,
In childhood's happy prime,
As joyous their sweet breath I drank—
How quickly passed the time!

In later youth I've loved to seek
The little purple flower,
So pretty, neat; so modest, meek—
How quickly fled the hour!

And still in manhood I delight,
Upon their grassy bed,
To please the sense of smell and sight—
How sweet the scent they shed!

MS.

THERE is not a flower indigenous to Britain more universally beloved than the Violet. The rich purple of its petals, and the powerful and agreeable perfume with which they fill the surrounding air, together with the simplicity of the flower itself, its humble retiring growth, and the very early period of the year at which it presents itself to our notice, have combined to render it so well known, and so eagerly sought for. As we pass along some secluded pathway o'er the fields, late in February, if the season be mild, or in the middle of March, if severe, *our senses* are regaled by their delicious odour,

though themselves unseen. Bernard Barton has embodied this idea in a very pretty sonnet:—

"Beautiful are you in your lowliness;
Bright in your hues, delicious in your scent,
Lovely your modest blossoms downward bent,
As shrinking from our gaze, yet prompt to bless
The passer by with fragrance, and express
How gracefully, though mutely, eloquent
Are unobtrusive worth, and meek content,
Rejoicing in their own obscure recess.
Delightful flowerets! at the voice of Spring
Your buds unfolded to its sunbeams bright,
And though your blossoms soon shall fade from sight,
Above your lonely birth-place birds shall sing,
And from your clust'ring leaves the glow-worm fling
The emerald glory of its earth-born light.

And not until we have searched diligently among the grass do we find them,—but, then, in what abundance they are seen, with a succession of buds rapidly forming to follow those already in bloom, and we gather them without hesitation, knowing that on the morrow we may come and gather another bunch like that we have taken.

It is almost unnecessary to say, that the Violet is commonly found in woods and pastures, on banks and in shady lanes, any where in England. There are several other flowers of the same family as this, which is known as the sweet Violet *(Viola Odorata)*; it is common to all Europe, and its colour was much prized by the Romans, as we learn from their admiration of cloth dyed at Tarentum, a town of Calabria. Horace, alluding to this feeling, mentions the wool that imitates Violets with Tarentine dye—

"*Lana Tarentino* violas imitata veneno."

A nosegay of Violets is one of the most acceptable offerings to the fair sex, who take great delight in arranging them in glasses to decorate the boudoir and the drawing-room. In vain do these little flowers hide their modest heads amid the surrounding herbage, for their fragrance ever betrays them to the youth who desires to present them at the shrine of beauty. Parny, in this character, says—

Vous vous cachez timide Violette,
Mais c'est en vain, le doigt sait vous trouver
Il vous arrache à l'obscure retraite
Qui recélait vos appas inconnus;
Et, destinée au boudoir de Cythère,
Vous renaissez sur un trône de verre,
Ou vous mourez sur le sein de Vénus.

If we except the Rose, no flower has been so frequently the subject of poetry. By its aid many beautiful similes have been formed. Shakspeare, in "A Winter's Tale," puts into the mouth of Perdita these beautiful words:—

"Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath"

And again, in "Twelfth Night," he compares the gentle strains of plaintive music to their perfume:

"That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

Barry Cornwall awards to the Violet precedence of

the Rose; and Miss Landon intimates in some very pretty verses her preference for the former:

"Why better than the lady rose
Love I this little flower?
Because its fragrant leaves are those
I loved in childhood's hour.

Though many a flower may win my praise,
The Violet has my love;
I did not pass my childish days
In garden or in grove.

My garden was the window seat,
Upon whose edge was set
A little vase—the fair, the sweet—
It was the Violet.

It was my pleasure and my pride;—
How I did watch its growth!
For health and bloom what plans I tried,
And often injured both!

I placed it in the summer shower,
I placed it in the sun;
And ever at the evening hour,
My work seem'd half undone.

The broad leaves spread, the small buds grew,
How slow they seem'd to be!
At last there came a tinge of blue,—
'Twas worth the world to me!

At length the perfume fill'd the room,
Shed from their purple wreath;
No flower has now so rich a bloom,
Has now so sweet a breath.

I gather'd two or three—they seem'd
Such rich gifts to bestow!
So precious in my sight, I deem'd
That all must think them so.

Ah! who is there but would be fain
To be a child once more;
If future years could bring again
All that they brought before?

My heart's world has been long o'erthrown;
It is no more of flowers;
Their bloom is pass'd their breath is flown;
Yet I recall those hours.

Let nature spread her loveliest,
By Spring or Summer nurst:
Yet still I love the Violet best,
Because I loved it first."

Dr. Deakin, in "Florigraphia Britannica," gives a very elaborate account of the construction of the Violet, exhibiting the "admirable adaptation of its various parts to the fulfilment of the offices assigned to them by the wisdom of the Great Parent of all things."

The white variety is of equal fragrance with the purple, and in some districts grows as abundantly. In the Linnæan system the Violet belongs to the class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*, and in the natural system to the order *Componaceæ*.

As is the case with a great number of wild flowers, the Violet becomes double by cultivation, and this change is accompanied by increased fragrance. This does not, however, make the charms of the cultivated Violet equal to those of the wild flower.

THE PRIMROSE.

Primula; *W.* La primevère; *Fr.* Die schlüsselblume; *Ger.* Sleutelbloem; *Dutch.* Primavera; *Ital.* Primula veris; *Sp.* Primavera; *Port.* Bukwiza; *Russ.*

"In dewy glades
The peering primrose, like sudden gladness,
Gleams on the soul—yet unregarded fades:—
The joy is ours, but all its own the sadness."

H. COLERIDGE.

As we take our rural rambles, in the earliest days of Spring, we are ever and anon coming within view of the pale Primrose, lying in rich contrast upon its beautifully formed leaves, which are oblong egg-shaped, and whose surfaces appear to have been embossed by deeply-cut dies of elegant workmanship. We usually find them growing in clusters, now in the shade of a grove, now on a sloping mossy bank, rising from the road side and overhung by the branches of some lofty tree; and again on the moist margin of a bubbling brook, where they seem to bask in the mild sun-beams, and enjoy their brief existence in the highest degree; —but, wherever it is that we come unexpectedly upon them, we feel a "sudden gladness gleaming on the soul," at the sight of these cheerful attendants on the path of the infant year; we feel another gush of that "renewed life" which the poet Carrington enjoyed, when he escaped from his almost ceaseless toil to Dartmoor, the wilderness of Devonia.

"O welcome Spring! * * *
Who stays amid thy empire, and feels not
Divine sensations?—feels not life renew'd

> At all its thousand fountains? Who can bathe
> His brow in thy young breezes, and not bless
> The new-born impulse which gives wings to thought
> And pulse to action?"

Yes, though we are surrounded by the cheering aspect of hedges and trees showing their swelling buds bursting into beauty, and by birds of every kind carolling forth their joyous song, and we inhale the pure, the balmy breath of the vernal season, a fresh impulse is given to the already intense enjoyment of existence, when we meet with groups of these lovely flowers unfolding their pale-yellow petals to our delighted eyes.

The Primrose is, indeed, one of the chief ornaments of Spring; of that season which pastoral poets in all ages have loved to celebrate in their lays. Nor can we be surprised at this, when we consider that a true poet always admires nature, that he delights to ramble through field and woodland in search of her hidden treasures, where, in shady pastures and inclining banks, in the months of March, of April, and of May, he finds our favourite blooming in abundance.

Shakspeare has made the Primrose a funereal flower. In "Cymbeline" we find Arviragus addressing the supposed dead body of Imogen in these words:

> "With fairest flowers,
> Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
> I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
> The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor the
> Azured harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
> The leaf of eglantine, whom, not to slander,
> Out-sweetened not thy breath."

We must confess, however, that it is not associated in

our mind with melancholy thoughts, but with pleasurable sensations, as the sure sign of approaching Summer, when the whole earth is clothed with richest verdure; when, glancing round upon the undulations of hill and dale, the eye rests on ripening "kindly fruits," which, first springing forth spontaneously at the command of the Omnipotent Creator of the universe, continue by his gracious permission to yield their increase for the use of man. We fully sympathize with Carrington, when observing that

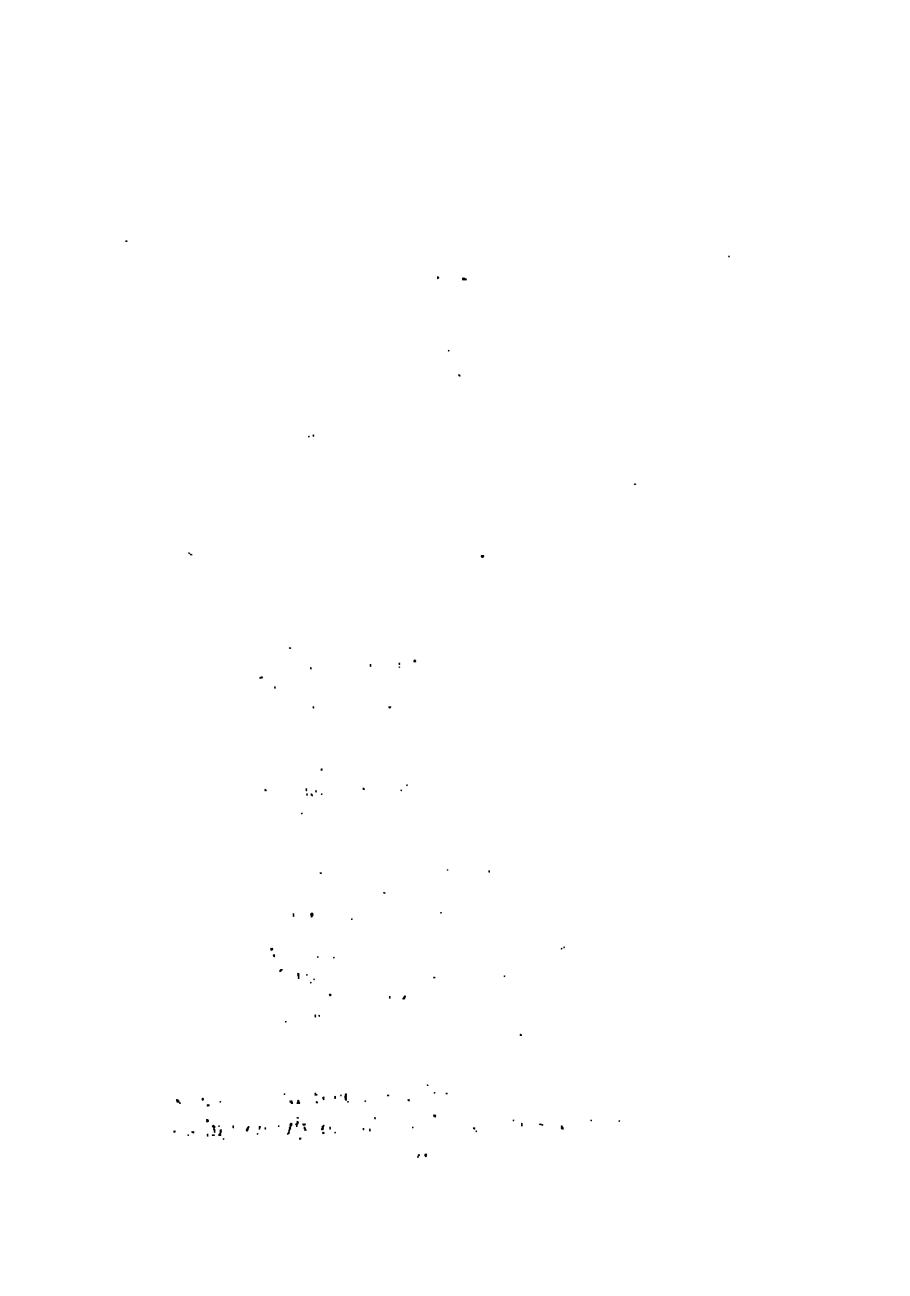
> "Amid the sunny luxury of grass
> Are tufts of pale-eyed primroses, entwined
> With many a bright-hued flower, and shrub that scents
> The all-voluptuous air."

And 'twas but yesterday that we beheld in a shady grove of ancient trees, tufts such as these, mingling their pale hues with the deep rich purple of the sweet-scented violet; both were there in great abundance, the one pleasing the eye with its sulphur-coloured flower, the other greeting the senses with its fragrance; and as we looked upon them, we thought of Bidlake's address:

> "Pale visitant of balmy spring,
> Joy of the new-born year,
> That bid'st young hope new plume his wing,
> Soon as thy buds appear:
> * * * * * * * * *
> Coy rustic! thou art blooming found
> Where artless nature's charms abound,
> Sweet neighbour of the chanter rill;
> Well pleased to sip the silvery tide,
> Or nodding o'er the fountain's side,
> Self-gazing, look thy fill;
> Or, on the dingle's shadowy steep,
> The gaudy furze beneath,
> Thy modest beauties sweetly peep,
> *Thy chaster* odours breathe."

The Primrose belongs and gives its name to the natural order *Primulaceæ;* and in the Linnæan system is placed in the class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia.* From each root rises numerous buds, each growing on a single scape, and opening their petals in succession. It is believed to be one of the parents of the Polyanthus. The Primrose itself becomes double, and assumes an infinite variety of form and colour when removed from a state of nature, and cultivated in different kinds of soil. Boys are very fond of carrying the roots home, and setting them in their little toy-gardens. Clare mentions that he was in the habit of doing so:—

"In April's time,
I spoilt the daisy's earliest prime;
Robbed every primrose root I met,
And oft-times got the root to set;
And joyful home each nosegay bore,
And felt as I shall feel no more."



THE WOOD CROW-FOOT.

Ranunculus auricomus. Goldilock Ranunculus.

Fair Goldilocks are blooming here
  Where Glechoma strews the ground;
Their yellow cups, so bright and clear,
  Receive the dew distilled around.

And here, perchance, at midnight hour,
  Fays their frolic revel hold,
And find within the crow-foot flower
  Pearl drops set in leafy gold.

Watery pearls of purest flavour,
  Which they quaff to absent friends;
By the elf-queen's kindly favour,
  Who their moonlit sport attends.

And as they quaff, they dance to airs,
  Sighing through the trembling chords,
Formed, by gentle Zephyr's cares,
  Of tender twigs the wood affords;

And as they dance, the nightingale,
  Warbling forth her plaintive song,
Reminds them of her mournful tale—
  Checks the gay and joyous throng.

Too soon they see the grey of dawn,
  Rising o'er the eastern hills,
Which bids them, far from grassy lawn,
  Fly to caves by bubbling rills.

While Phœbus courses through the air,
  They on moss-beds peaceful lie;
But when the moon is shining fair,
  To the copse with haste they hie.

MS.

In one of our recent rambles we came near a spinet, consisting *chiefly of* lofty well-grown ash trees, and not

doubting that within its shade we should meet with some of our favourite flowers, we stepped over the rustic stile, and were soon pursuing our way upon a carpet of nature's weaving, unlike anything we ever saw before. No loom of man's invention ever produced aught so beautiful as this. Upon simple procumbent stems were rich blue labiate flowers, growing in whorls, and almost resting on small kidney-shaped leaves, which were of a reddish purple, having short footstalks. The flower is very beautiful when magnified, but not of sufficient importance to be included in our group; but seen in such abundance as literally to cover the whole surface of the spinet as far as the eye could reach, the effect was very pleasing. It is commonly found in dry groves, and about hedge banks, and is known as Ground Ivy, and by botanists is called Glechoma, being supposed to be identical with a species of thyme, which Theophrastus calls glecon (γλήχων). It is extremely variable in size, and its flowers vary in colour, and are said to have been found quite white.

It was among this Ground Ivy where we observed the Wood Crow-foot, or Goldilocks, as it is more usually called, its pretty golden cups being elevated considerably above the Ivy, and its stem showing the upper leaves, which are cut to the base into linear segments, that is, they are nearly of one uniform breadth throughout. On examining it, we found the lowest leaves, which are called radical, somewhat kidney-shaped, divided into three lobes, deeply cut and notched. The roots are fibrous, and numerously branched.

The Wood Crow-foot is a native of dry woods and *shady places,* and may be frequently found in bloom

from April to June. It is not so common as the buttercup of our meadows and pastures, which it nearly resembles, and with which there is a great chance of its being confounded, as well as with other species to which it is allied. It is, however, free from that acrid taste which all others of its genus possess, and on that account has been called by some Sweet Wood Crow-foot.

There are several other species of Crow-foot, concerning which we shall have occasion to speak more fully elsewhere. We may here, however, mention one other, on account of its rarity, namely, the Alpine White Crow-foot, *(Ranunculus Alpestris)* which has been gathered by Mr. George Don by the sides of rills on the Clova mountains, Angusshire, in the month of May. We have no authentic account of its having been found in England, but there can be no doubt that it exists amongst us in situations similar to those in which it is frequently met with. It is often found on the Austrian Alps, where it makes its appearance immediately after the melting of the snow.

In the Linnæan system it is placed in the class *Polyandria*, and order *Polygynia;* and in the Natural system in the order *Ranunculaceæ.*

THE HYACINTH.

Hyacinthus. La jacinte; *Fr.* Die Hyacinthe; *Ger.* Hyacinth; *Dutch.* Il giacinto; *Ital.* Jacinto; *Sp.* Jacintho; *Port.* Hyacinth; *Dan.* and *Swed.*

"Shade loving Hyacinth! thou comest again
And thy rich odours seem to swell the flow
Of the lark's song, the redbreast's lonely strain;
And the stream's tune—best sung where wild flowers blow,
And ever sweetest where the sweetest grow."

ELLIOTT.

RIGHTLY does Elliott address the Hyacinth as a lover of the shade, for beneath the umbrageous branches of trees, in secluded groves, it always blooms richly, and if it should be planted near the flowing stream of a rivulet, murmuring in the stillness of its retreat, there it grows more vigorously. It was by the side of such a stream that we found the flower whose portrait accompanies our pages, breathing forth its soft fragrance, itself almost hid by the long grass growing around it. It far exceeded in height and strength all others that were more distant from the water, and measured, from the base of the bulb to the tip of the terminal flower-bud, full sixteen inches.

The flowers, which are long bell-shaped, having the outer edge curved back, are attached to the stem (or scape) by short footstalks near its extremity, which terminates in a solitary bud, and is forced into a drooping position by the weight of the cluster of flowers. The scape is round and fleshy, the leaves strap-shaped, *slightly channelled*, and keeled at the back. It belongs

to the Linnæan class *Hexandria* and order *Monogynia*, and to the natural order *Asphodeleæ*.

This flower was for a long time, and is by some botanists even now, considered to be a species of Squill (*Scilla non-scripta*), and by many writers is called the Harebell, a name, however, which we think more properly belongs to a blue campanulate flower which is commonly found in bloom some months later than this.

The Hyacinth is considered to be the type of British liliaceous plants, and this species has been named *non-scriptus*, from the absence of those marks upon its petals which are said to have been impressed upon the Hyacinth of the ancients, in commemoration of the transformation into a flower of the fabled Hyacinthus, when accidentally killed by Apollo.

> "Apollo with unwitting hand,
> Whilome did slay his dearly loved mate,
> Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land;
> But then transformed him to a purple flower."

There was a festival called Hyacinthia, kept annually by the Greeks, in honour of Apollo, in connection with Hyacinthus, who was the younger son of Amyclas, a Spartan king, and who is described as a youth of extraordinary beauty. This festival was held at Amyclæ, a city of Laconia, that one of the six ancient divisions of Peloponnesus which is the south-eastern part of the Morea. It lasted three days, beginning on the longest day of the Spartan month Hecatombeus, at a time of the year when the great heat of the sun caused the tender flowers to droop their heads languidly. Sacrifices were offered *in honour of the* dead, and the fate of Hyacin-

thus was lamented on the first and last days; when the people refrained from wearing garlands at their repasts, and from singing anything in honour of Apollo; but on the second day there were public amusements and rejoicings, the city was thronged with strangers, who flocked thither to take part in the festival, boys played on musical instruments, and celebrated the praises of Apollo in songs, while others, decked in splendid attire, performed horse races in the theatre. Then national songs were sung, and dances were performed to the accompaniment of the flute, and a variety of other entertainments were provided. Herodotus tells us, that the due observance of this festival was held to be of such great importance by the Lacedæmonians, that they neglected urgent business of the state in order to attend to it.

The Hyacinth has received its due meed of praise from poets in all time. Those of Greece and Rome have, however, been generally inspired by the charms of the marked (γραπτος) species; but several who have sung in our own tongue have designed to celebrate our native kind, and since by the Greeks it was made the emblem of death, we find an American poet introducing it as the symbol of sorrow :—

"A Hyacinth lifted its purple bell
From the slender leaves around it;
It curved its cup in a flowing swell,
And a starry circle crowned it;
The deep blue tincture that robed it, seemed
The gloomiest garb of sorrow,
As if on its eye no brightness beamed,
And it never in clearer moments dreamed,
Of a fair and calm to-morrow."

PERCIVAL.

The Hyacinth is found blooming towards the end of April, and during May is seen in its full beauty. Keats, in his poem, "Fancy," styles it Queen of this month.

—"hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded Hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearl'd with the self-same shower."

The graceful manner in which the petals are curled back has suggested a beautiful simile to several poets. Milton applies it:—

"and Hyacinthine locks
Round his parted forelock manly hung clustering."

And Hunt seems to have regarded this appearance as indicating, that his curly locks added much to Hyacinthus' personal beauty:

"Hyacinth handsome with his clustering locks."

Casimir, an Eastern poet, invokes the Hyacinth to come forth as the child of Spring.

"Child of the Spring, thou charming flower,
No longer in confinement lie,
Arise *to light*, thy form discover,
Rival the azure of the sky.

The rains are gone, the storms are o'er;
Winter retires to make thee way;
Come then, thou sweetly blooming flower,
Come, lovely stranger, come away.

The sun is dress'd in beaming smiles,
To give thy beauties to the day;
Young zephyrs wait with gentlest gales,
To fan thy bosom as they play."

There is another flower, not unfrequently found along the borders of cultivated fields in a wild state, but said to be a doubtful native, called the Grape Hyacinth, probably on account of the close resemblance of the cluster of flowers at the extremity of the scape to a purple grape in shape. It is also called the Starch Grape Hyacinth, from its sweet fragrance, which many persons fancy to be like wet starch. It is now quite naturalized, and those who are partial to a bouquet of native flowers are very desirous to include it. It is frequently cultivated in gardens, and is a very pretty ornamental Spring flower. Several species of this plant have been imported from the Levant, the South of Europe, and from Italy.

THE COWSLIP.

Primula veris; *Linn.*

"Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;
In a Cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry."
SHAKSPEARE.

THE Cowslip is one of those flowers which every native of our island must at one time or other have seen. Those who were born in the country, or even in provincial towns, of moderate size, can, doubtless, call to their remembrance many pleasant hours spent in the fields, plucking Cowslips, in the golden age of childhood. We have now distinct views, in our mind's eye, of many a delightful scene in which we took our part, in years gone by, when afternoon holidays fleeted away too fast, as we gathered Cowslips and primroses, together with daisies and buttercups, in luxuriant meadows by the banks of the silver Trent. How those hours flew away, to be sure! We had no care or anxiety, other than to enjoy to the full the time present; and we did enjoy it, and we drank in with the sweet breath of heaven, perfumed by the mingled odours of earth's fairest flowers, feelings and affections, ideas and associations, which have been treasured up in the storehouse of our memory, from whence, when far away from such scenes, we have drawn sweet recollections of past events, which have tinged many of later years with the bright hues of a golden summer's eve.

Mrs. Howitt has written such pretty verses, wherein she describes many circumstances of childhood which

were brought to her remembrance on seeing Cowslips, that we shall quote them here.

"Nay, tell me not of Austral flowers,
Or purple bells from Persia's bowers,
The Cowslip of this land of ours,
Is dearer far to me!
This flower in other years I knew!
I know the field wherein it grew,
With violets white and violets blue,
Beneath the garden tree!

I never see these flowers but they
Send back my memory, far away,
To years long passed, and many a day
Else perish'd long ago!
They bring my childhood's years again—
Our garden-fence, I see it plain,
With ficaries* like a golden rain
Shower'd on the earth below.

A happy child, I leap, I run,
And memories come back, one by one,
Like swallows with the summer sun,
To their old haunts of joy!
A happy child, once more I stand,
With my kind sister, hand-in-hand,
And hear those tones, so sweet, so bland,
That never brought annoy!

I hear again my mother's wheel,
Her hand upon my head I feel;
Her kiss, which every grief could heal,
Is on my cheek even now,
I see the dial overhead;
I see the porch o'er which was led,
The pyracantha † green and red
And jessamine's slender bough.

* *The Lesser* Celandine. † The Evergreen Thorn.

I see the garden-thicket's shade,
Where all the summer long we play'd,
And gardens set, and houses made,
Our early work and late;
Our little gardens, side by side,
Each border'd round with London pride,
Some six feet long, and three feet wide,
To us a large estate!

The apple and the damson trees;
The cottage shelter for our bees;
I see them—and beyond all these,
A something dearer still;
I see an eye serenely blue,
A cheek of girlhood's freshest hue,
A buoyant heart, a spirit true,
Alike in good and ill.

Sweet sister, thou wert all to me,
And I, sufficient friend for thee:
Where was a happier twain than we,
Who had no mate beside?
Like wayside flowers in merry May,
Our pleasures round about us lay:—
A joyful morning had our day,
Whate'er our eve betide!"

The leaves of the Cowslip, which are seated upon the ground, are egg-shaped, much contracted below the middle, toothed, and wrinkled. A solitary stalk springs from the centre of the leaves, and bears the flowers in an umbel at its summit. It is in some parts called the Paigle, and is almost as common as the primrose. It is found in perfection about the end of April and in the early part of May, in meadows and pastures, and on the borders of cultivated fields. We found our specimen on the first day of the month, and may say, in the words of an *anonymous writer*—

"Unfolding to the breeze of May,
The Cowslip greets the vernal ray:
The topaz and the ruby gem
Her blossoms' simple diadem;
And as the dew-drops gently fall,
They tip with pearls her coronal."

There are few people, we presume, who have not tasted the elegant wine which, from being impregnated with the agreeable fragrance of our flower, is called Cowslip wine. Shakspeare, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," supposes this fragrance to reside in the freckles within the mouth of the tube.

"The Cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In these gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy flowers,
In those freckles live their savours,
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every Cowslip's ear."

The Cowslip belongs to the Linnæan class *Pentandria* and order *Monogynia;* and to the Natural order *Primulaceæ.*

THE WOOD ANEMONE.

Anemòne; *Linn.* L'anémone; *Fr.* Die anemone; *Ger.* Anemone; *Dutch, Ital., Span., Port.* Ollina gusa; *Jap.* Wjetreniza; *Rus.*

"Anemones, weeping flowers,
Dyed in Winter's snow and rain,
Constant to their early time,
White the leaf-strewn ground again
And make each wood a garden then."

CLARE.

THIS flower is one of the earliest to adorn our woods and groves with its cheerful aspect, presenting itself to us in the month of April, beyond which time it is not often met with in bloom. We have seen it this year in great abundance, growing on the bank of a running stream in company with thousands of primrose flowers of various colours, and the smaller celandine; and in a grove with the grape hyacinth and others.

The Wood Anemone can only be seen in perfection when the atmosphere is dry, for, in proportion as that becomes humid, the petals close themselves, and thus the flower becomes a natural barometer. It is also affected by the alternation of day and night, for, as the latter approaches, we observe them

"shrinking from the chilly night,
Droop and shut up,"

and again, as the sun rises, if we have risen too, we may see them

"with fair morning's touch
Rise on their stems, all open and upright."

This *peculiar faculty* of closing at night and opening

in the morning appears to be inherent in the plants themselves, and not simply the effect of change from light to darkness, and the reverse, though it is found by experiment that extraordinary changes of this kind will produce a degree of irregularity in the habit.

We have a poet who tells us, that

"The flower, enamoured of the sun,
At his departure hangs her head and weeps,
And shrouds her sweetness up, and keeps
Sad vigils, like a cloister'd nun,
Till his reviving ray appears,
Waking her beauty as he dries her tears."

The Wood Anemone grows abundantly in a wood near St. Albans. Here it was where the amiable writers of "Bouquet des Souvenirs" were accustomed to walk in search of it and of others, its companions, in the period of its flowering. They thus address it:

"Beautiful Anemone!
Say, do the fairies streak
The blushes on thy cheek
When moonlight sleeps upon thee?

Beautiful Anemone!
Do not they pile the gold
Which thy pure vases hold,
Heaping their favours on thee?

Beautiful Anemone!
Then round thy lovely bell
Surely they breathe a spell
To draw all hearts unto thee.

Beautiful Anemone!
Thou fairy-gifted flower,
We own thy magic power,
And fondly linger near thee!"

There are few persons, we think, who do not expe-

rience a feeling of deep solemnity on their first entrance into a wood. We are at once impressed with a sense of the comparative brevity of human life when we look upon the magnificent trees around us, some of which have been increasing in size and beauty from time immemorial, and others which will continue to flourish for centuries to come, in which time generation after generation of our race shall have been gathered to their fathers. It were well for us if we could more frequently retire to such a solitude, to meditate upon the works of creation there spread before our eyes, and thence to look up to Him Whose word brought them into being, and Whose power perpetuates their kind; and cold indeed must be the heart of that man who would not thus be led to regard himself, to perceive his own insignificance in the creation, and to be conscious of his weakness and worthlessness, while at the same time he feels unbounded gratitude that man is endowed with faculties which render him capable of deriving pleasure from the contemplation of these His works, which are so wonderful, and that he has been appointed by their Maker to be lord over every living thing. With Mrs. Hemans, we trust that all our readers can feel, as we do, that

"There is a power, a presence in the woods
A viewless Being that with life and love
Informs the reverential solitude;
The rich air knows it, and the mossy sod,
Thou, thou, art there, my GOD!

And if with awe we tread
The minster-floor beneath the storied pane
And 'midst the mouldering banners of the dead;
Shall the green voiceful wind seem less thy tone,
Which thou alone hast built; where arch and roof
Are of thy living woof!

The silence and the sound,
In the lone places, breathe alike of thee;
The temple twilight of the gloom profound,
The dew-cup of the frail Anemone."

This plant is a perennial, with fibrous roots. Leaves spring up at intervals, and the branches terminate in the form of a single flower-stalk. These stalks bear an involucrum, formed of three leaves. The radical leaves are divided into deep lanceolate pointed segments, which are three-divided, and the lobes toothed. The flower is erect, and consists of six smooth oblong sepals. It is of the Linnæan class *Polyandria* order *Polygynia*, and in the Natural system is of the order *Ranunculaceæ*.

MEADOW LYCHNIS.

Lychnis; *L.* Lychnide; *Fr.* Die lychnis; *Ger.* Lychnis; *Dutch.* Licnide; *Ital.* Cruces de Jerusalem; *Sp.* Cruz de Malta; *Port.* Tatarskajo muilo; *Russ.*

How gaily ragged Robin stands
'Mid cotton grass and rushes;
Pleased he thrives in marshy lands,
Nor envies gaudy bushes;

Gaudy bushes would conceal him
From the sunbeam's cheering heat,
Which he loves to feel so near him,
Standing in the moistened peat.

MS.

THIS gay plant, which we frequently meet with towards the end of May, and in the month of June, stands out very prominently from among the common rushes, cotton grass, and mare's tail, which are almost always found together about the same season, in the localities which it delights in. There, too, we find the brooklime *(Veronica Beccabunga)*, a small, but pretty blue flower, which by contrast seems to heighten the gaiety of the Lychnis, a name given to this plant, it is supposed, on account of the stem of some of the species having been used as lamp wicks.

The stem attains the height of about a foot and a half, and at its extremity the pink flowers grow in a loose panicle, and from the circumstance of the petals being cut into four rough linear spreading segments, the plant has been called Ragged Robin; the leaves, which are opposite, are also linear, and lance-shaped.

The flowers are inodorous, and of a delicate rose colour. The plant is perennial, and its ornamental character long ago induced cottagers to transplant them into their gardens, where they are common favourites, and if they are planted in a rich soil and in a moist situation, the flowers frequently become double.

The specific name, Flos-cuculi, that is, Cuckoo-flower, was given to this plant, in common with many others blooming at the same time, because at the season of its flowering the cuckoo is first heard to repeat his monotonous, though welcome cry—though singular and curious cry—so peculiar, so clear, that when we hear it we listen to hear it repeated, and when the bird ceases for awhile, we fancy that it still sounds in our ears.

O blithe New-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird?
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy two-fold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same, whom in my school-boy days
I listened to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and in the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place;
That is fit home for Thee!

WORDSWORTH.

In the Linnæan system the Meadow Lychnis is placed in the class *Decandria*, and order *Pentagynia;* and in the Natural system in the order *Caryophylleæ*.

SPEEDWELL.

Veronica; *L.* Véronique; *Fr.* Der ehrenpreiss; *Ger.* Eerenprys; *Dutch.* Veronica; *It.*, *Sp.*, and *Port.* Weronika; *Russ.* Ærenpriss; *Dan.*

CLOTHED in rich cerulean blue, we observe the Germander Speedwell blooming abundantly in various localities, beneath hedges, among ground ivy and nettles; in pastures, among daisies and buckbean; by the side of flowing rivulets, contrasting itself with the golden crowfoot; and in moist, boggy places, with brooklime and cotton grass. In such places do we see it, almost daily, in the months of May and June; and it was but a few evenings ago that we admired it more than usual, as we strolled along the bank of a pretty brook, where it was growing in masses among the thick grass, together with buttercups and the great white ox-eye *(Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum)*; to be sure, it was a lovely evening; the moon was nearly at the full, and the heavens around her were cloudless; the air was still, and all the feathered tribe had ceased from song, except the nightingale, whose full and plaintive note fell in all its richness upon the ear, recalling to our mind those elegant lines of Virgil, which express a thought so beautiful in language which has never been surpassed:

> "Qualis populea mœrens Philomela sub umbra
> Amissos queritur fœtus,; quos durus arator
> Observans nido implumes detraxit: ut illa
> Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
> Integrat, et mœstis late loca questibus implet."

We have never seen this passage worthily translated,

but as we cannot insert it without some lines in our own tongue, which shall convey their meaning, though it may be with but a faint notion of their beauty, we give the following:—

> So mourning 'neath the trembling poplar's shade
> The nightingale bemoans her absent young,
> Which some hard-hearted rustic, noting well,
> Drew from their nest, unplumed: now she, distressed,
> Weeps through the night, and, perching on a branch,
> Repeats her mournful song; and with sad plaints
> Fills up the grove extended far and wide.

How appropriately has the poet chosen the poplar tree; the gentle murmur produced by the ever trembling motion of its leaves being a fit accompaniment to the chanting of a mournful note.

The Germander Speedwell, which is included in our group, has an undivided stem, with egg-shaped leaves, placed opposite and nearly without footstalks; the flowers which are numerous, have footstalks about half an inch long, and are ranged singly along the stem: the petals are of a beautiful blue, streaked with darker veins, sometimes purple, lilac, or whitish, the base being downy; and the whole plant is more or less hairy. The petals close, and envelope the stamens and pistils, in cloudy or rainy weather, a singular property, which Linnæus called the sleep of plants, observable in many other flowers, which throw open their petals under the sun's influence, and close them when his rays are withdrawn.

This species of Speedwell becomes a very ornamental flower for the border, when planted in a rich soil, and in a shaded cool situation, where it continues to flourish and bloom *consider*ably beyond its usual time of flower-

ing. Under these circumstances it becomes an annual, and if treated as such, it is equal in attraction to many of the choicest exotics.

The common Speedwell *(V. officinalis)* is frequent in pastures, on hedge banks, in woods, and on heaths, and is found in flower from May to August. Its stem is from three to twelve inches long, the flowers growing in clusters at the extremity of each branch. They are blue when expanded, but the buds are of a pale flesh colour. On the moors near Sheffield the flowers are found flesh-coloured, but in every other respect, in all material points, the plant is similar to that with blue flowers, in company with which it grows in this locality. The properties of this species are astringent, but medicinally it is of no value, though formerly it was considered useful as a pectoral against coughs and asthmatic affections.

Brooklime *(V. Beccabunga)* has a procumbent or floating stem, and is found in abundance by the moist banks of streams and in bogs; it begins to flower in May, and blooms in perfection in the two following months. The leaves are ovate, opposite, and nearly sessile, and from their bases the flower-stalks spring, and are covered by a cluster of small pretty blue flowers. Its singular specific name is a Latinized form of its German name, *Bachbunge; bach* meaning a rivulet; in Yorkshire and in Norfolk, a beck.

In the Linnæan system the Speedwell is included in the class *Diandria* and order *Monogynia;* and in the Natural system it belongs to the order *Scrophularineæ.*

BUTTERCUPS.

Ranunculus; *Bouk.* Renoncule *Fr.* Die ranunkel; *Ger.* Ranonkel; *Dutch.* Ranuncolo; *Ital.* Ranunculo; *Sp.* Rainunculo; *Port.* Lutik; *Russ.* Ranunkel; *Dan.* and *Swed.*

"Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of nature, I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold."

CAMPBELL.

BUTTERCUPS are nearly as common as daisies, we might almost say, as great favourites, for they are sought after with about the same eagerness by children, and retain the same hold upon the mind of man. They are, too, frequently linked together in poetry; and they combine well with the daisy to add cheerfulness to the meadow. The following lines, by an anonymous writer, would seem to convey the notion that on some minds the buttercup is more permanently impressed than other flowers of its season:—

"Again, I feel my heart is dancing
With wildly throbbing keen delight,
At this bright scene of king-cups dancing
Beneath the clear sun's golden light.

Again I pluck the little flower,
The first my childhood ever knew,
And think upon the place and hour
Where and when that first one grew;

And as I gaze upon its cup
Shining with burnish'd gold,
The faithful memory calls up
How many a friend beloved of old!"

The Bulbous Crowfoot *(Ranunculus bulbosus)* has its leaves growing together in threes *(ternate)*, or cut into three twice over *(bi-ternate)*, the leaflets three cleft, divided into three and cut, the radical ones on long slender footstalks *(petioles)*, dilated at the base, the upper without footstalks *(sessile)*; the stem is erect, and the root is a knob; the footstalks of the flowers *(peduncles)* are furrowed; the flower-cup (*calyx*) turned back; the petals are roundish, wedge-shaped, with a short claw and broad honey-bearing *(nectariferous)* scales. This species is frequent, flowering in May and June, and is perhaps the most common of our Ranunculuses.

Dr. Deakin, in "Florigraphia Britannica," says that this kind "is as pungent in its taste, and as stimulating in its properties as *R. acris*, and seems to be refused by most cattle. It is, however, no doubt, a very useful stimulating plant, when mixed with others, and as it is less deleterious in its properties when dried and made into hay, it becomes a useful and valuable component amongst other plants wanting this stimulating property. It has been used for the same purposes as *R. acris*, but, like it, it is now out of use medicinally." The Doctor adds to this the beautiful lines of Clare, in which he mentions the buttercup, which he seems to have transferred from the "Sentiment of Flowers," where they were first quoted in connection with the buttercup, as *the Emblem of Ingratitude*.

The upright Meadow Crowfoot *(R. acris)* has its leaves thrice divided, the radical ones lobed and cut, the footstalks long and channeled, the upper with linear segments; the stem is erect, from one to two feet high, branched and leafy, round, hollow, and more or less covered with slender hairs. The flowers, portrayed in our group, are of a bright golden yellow, the footstalks round and hairy. There is a scale at the base of the petal which distinguishes it from the Wood Crowfoot *(R. auricomus)*, and its spreading calyx distinguishes it from the preceding species *(R. bulbosus)*, with which it is almost equally common, blooming during the months of June and July. The specific name *(acris)* was given to this plant on account of its corroding properties, for, when bruised and applied to the skin, it produces inflammation, blisters, and ulceration, and was at one time used for these purposes in diseases, when counter irritation was considered desirable; but as it frequently caused sores, which were not healed without great difficulty, its use has been abandoned. This acrid property is generally so great, that neither cows nor horses will touch them, however bare the pasture may be of other herbage. If, therefore, as has been asserted, the name of Buttercup, or Butterflower, was given to these plants from a supposition that the flowers imparted their colour to butter, it is clear that it was a mere fancy, and that it was indulged in without any inquiry into the fact whether the Buttercup was, or was not, taken as food by kine.

Of the other species of Crowfoot which grow in similar situations with the two preceding, and therefore the more likely to be confounded with them, we may mention the *Pale Hairy* Crowfoot *(R. hirsutus)* which may

be distinguished from *R. acris* by the absence of the spreading calyx, and from *R. bulbosus* by its fibrous root. It is not at all unfrequent in meadows and waste ground, more particularly in moist places, or such as are liable to be occasionally overflowed. In low tracts near London it is abundant. The whole plant, which varies from a few inches to two feet in height, is hairy, and bears many flowers. It is an annual, and blooms from June to October.

The Creeping Crowfoot (*R. repens*) is also common in moist meadows and pastures, where it is the most troublesome weed of its genus, its creeping scions destroying the grass as they extend. This habit and the spreading calyx distinguish it from *R. bulbosus*, its furrowed peduncles distinguish it from *R. acris*, which has rounded peduncles, and its tuberous base renders it distinct from *R. hirsutus*. It is a very variable plant; the radical leaves are mostly marked with a black or dark brown spot in the middle. Its stem attains to about the height of twelve inches, and is branched. The flowers are very numerous, and sometimes are found double. Occasionally the seeds are not perfected, no uncommon occurrence in plants which propagate themselves by other means. It is in flower from June to September.

These four species, as they have a similar habitat, may easily be mistaken one for the other; we would therefore recommend our readers to gather a specimen of each with the root, and compare them carefully, after which they will readily distinguish them at sight. They all belong to the Linnæan class *Polyandria*, and order *Polygynia;* and to the Natural order *Ranunculaceæ*.

THE WILD (DOG) ROSE.

Rosa; *Tow.* Le rosier; *Fr.* Die rose; *Ger.* Roozeboom; *Dutch.* Rosajo; *Ital.* Rosal; *Sp.* Roseira; *Port.* Kim anh tu; *Coch.* Rosa; *Russ.* Roza; *Pol.*

"Ah! see the virgin Rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems the less ye see her way!
Lo! see soon after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display;
Lo! see soon after how she fades and falls away."

SPENSER.

THE hawthorn hedges which bound the greater number of our enclosed fields, present a very agreeable and refreshing appearance, when the tender leaf-buds are just emerging from their sheaths; the eye rests upon them with increased satisfaction when clothed in their vernal garb of pale green; but when their branches are studded with close-set flowers of snowy whiteness, here and there tipped with crimson, in the merry month of May, they contribute at once to the pleasure of sight and to regale the senses with a delicious fragrance. Sometimes, indeed, in village lanes, where the hedges are lofty, this fragrance, being emitted from so dense a mass of flowers, is oppressive, as we have often felt that to be with which the air is charged when it has just passed over a field of clover in full bloom; yet there are few objects that delight us more than the hawthorn in flower. But no sooner has the May-flower ceased to breathe out its sweetness, than we find the wild Rose scattered here and there, at intervals, in almost *every hedge-row*. Beautiful, indeed, are the

highly cultivated Roses, which adorn the conservatory and garden of the rich noble or the wealthy commoner, but far more valuable to happy England is the wild Rose which delights the eye of the rustic ploughboy, and with which the pretty village maiden decks her hair, fearless of its rivalling the bloom upon her cheek:

"the sweet wild-rose,
Starring each bush in lanes and glades,
Smiles in each lovelier tint that glows
On the cheeks of England's peerless maids.
Some, with a deeper, fuller hue,
Like lass o'er the foamy milk-pails chanting;
Lighter are some, and gemm'd with dew,
Like ladies whose lovers all are true,
And nought on earth have wanting,
But their eyes on beauteous scenes are bent,
That own them their chief ornament."

MARY HOWITT.

Pluck one from that shrub as you pass by. Its divided calyx is thrown back, and the flower is unfolding its five pretty petals, which are nearly white at the base, and as your eye passes onwards to the outer edge of its broad heart-shaped form, the white blends with a deepening pink—pink, did we say?—no, that is not pink, it is *rose*-colour, for it is unique, and the artist is yet unborn who shall produce a tint so rich and so delicate as that with which nature has graced the Rose. How beautiful, too, are its ovate leaflets, which are opposite with a terminal one, all acutely serrated; and the stem is furnished with uniform hooked prickles.

Volumes have been written about the Rose, poets, sacred and profane, have sung its praises, and it has ever been more highly esteemed than any other flower, *not only on account* of its beauty, but also of its utility.

Its rich perfume has been used from the earliest times to mix with unctuous preparations. Pliny tells us, that oils thus perfumed were used to anoint the body with, after bathing, at the time of the Trojan war; and we are told in the twenty-third Iliad of Homer, that

"Jove's daughter, Venus, took the guard of noble Hector's corse,
And kept the dogs off, night and day applying sovereign force
Of rosy balms, that to the dogs were horrible in taste."

CHAPMAN.

The Rose was also a favourite flower in the ancient custom of decorating tombs, as we learn from Anacreon:

"And after death its odours shed
A pleasing fragrance o'er the dead."

BROOME.

And, in the epitaph of Anacreon, by Cælius Calcagninus, the poet's love of the Rose is commemorated:

"Here let the ivy kiss the poet's tomb,
Here let the Rose he loved with laurels bloom
In bonds that ne'er shall sever."

MOORE.

In Persia and Turkey the perfume of the Rose has always been held in high estimation, and in England we value it, though in the form of an oil or scent it is not perhaps generally preferred to the scent obtained from some other flowers. Its petals are gathered in this country, and imported from abroad, for the purpose of extracting their fragrance, and Rose water enters very largely into medical preparations.

The flower entwined in our group is the most common of the species of our native wild Rose *(Rosa canina)*, and is found profusely scattered throughout our island, *in all sorts of soil*, in nearly every variety of situation,

and consequently varying very much in its appearance, and in the paleness or intensity of its proper colour. To this species, too, we are indebted for being enabled to grow in our gardens the endless varieties of exotic species which we possess. The straight upright stems are taken from their habitat, removed to the garden, denuded of their branches and shoots, and single buds of other species and their varieties are removed from their own branches, with a portion of the bark and newest wood, and let in below the bark of the stock of the common rose, and by this means many different varieties of the Rose are often seen blooming from one stock. In order to render the operation successful, it would seem that the bud should be so inserted, that the sap of the bud and the stock should have free communication with each other.

The delicate tint of the wild Rose has afforded a beautiful simile to many writers; Beaumont and Fletcher have put into the mouth of one of their dramatis personæ these words—

"Of all flowers,
Methinks a rose is best * * * *
It is the very emblem of a maid;
For when the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes! When the north comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briars."

Roses are connected with some of our fondest associations, and woven with recollections of persons and events, both joyous and gloomy. The Countess of Blessington has illustrated this connection in the following beautiful poetical dialogue.

HELEN.

Sister, behold those brightly-tinted Roses.
How fresh the blush upon their silken leaves,
With the clear dewdrop, glancing in the sun
As bright as diamond, with its ray intense,
Shining the most when most 'tis shone upon.
Does it not glad thy heart to look on them?
Are they not glorious ministers of heaven,
Shedding their sweetness on the summer earth,
To tell us of His love, Who sent them here?

HARRIET.

Yes, mine own sister; they, in truth, are fair,
But, ah! so fleetly do their brief hues pass,
That even when their bloom the richest glows,
I, looking forward to its swift decay,
Feel a strange sadness as I gaze on them,
And thoughts of death come o'er me.

HELEN.

——— Is't not strange,
That we, who draw our lives from the same source,
Whose hearts are warmed by the same purple stream,
Who love each other,—(do we not, dear sister?)

HARRIET.

Most fondly, truly—

HELEN.

— Well, then, is't not strange
That what awakens only joy in me,
Should fill thy soul with images of gloom?

HARRIET.

No, not of gloom,—'tis but a gentle quiet,—
Because I feel, that, like to all that's fair,
Soon may these bright flowers droop, and fade, and die.
'Twas thus with her—our lost, our sainted Anne—
Blooming and bright as Roses in their prime,
And, like them, fragile, too.—A few brief days—
A spring of joy—a summer of decay—
And autumn found her not!—Dost thou remember?

HELEN.

O my sweet sister! cans't thou ask me this,
When I most think of her in loving thee,
Who art so like her in her gentleness?

HARRIET.

I doubted not thy sad remembering love—
I meant but to recall her last brief hour,
Which every dying rose——

HELEN.

Brings back to thee;
While I——

HARRIET.

Nay, weep not thus, my precious one!

HELEN.

Ay, well—how well!—do I remember still
The wondrous beauty of her hectic blush;
The unearthly lustre of her sparkling eyes;
Her pallid brows, by death's cold finger traced;
And the long glance of tender, speechless love
Fix'd on our faces, even unto the last,
When her dear voice already was in heaven!

HARRIET.

When summer brings the roses back to us,
And their rich fragrance loads the golden air,
Like incense offered up from earth to heaven,
And birds are all abroad—I think of her
Who walk'd the earth—a thing of light and hope
Loving all nature—feeling it was bliss
To live among bright, odour-breathing flowers,
And listen to the music of the woods—
I think of her, within the narrow grave,
To whom, nor sunshine, nor the breath of flowers,
Nor song of birds, can ever come again.

The Rose is of the class *Icosandria*, and order *Polygynia* in the Linnæan system, and belongs to the order *Rosaceæ* in the Natural system.

THE CUCKOO FLOWER.

Cardamine; *L.* Le cresson; *Fr.* Die gauchblume; *Ger.* Schuimblad; *Dutch.* Cardamindo; *Ital.* Cardamina; *Sp.* Lugobiü Kres; *Russ.* Rzezucha polna; *Pol.*

"When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady's smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE flower which we have here chosen to name the Cuckoo-flower, is one of the earliest of those numerous plants, which, blooming at the season of the cuckoo's arrival amongst us, have received that distinction, in something like the same manner in which they may be called Spring-flowers. It is also commonly known as Lady's Smock, because, says Sir James Smith, where it grows profusely, it presents the appearance, at a little distance, of a quantity of linen laid out to bleach; it is more properly common Bitter-cress. Its flowering tops have been recommended in medicine, and at one time it enjoyed a high reputation for its medicinal properties, but its efficacy is very doubtful, and it is now entirely excluded from the list of materia medica.

The Cuckoo-flower makes its appearance in April, and is in its most perfect state about the middle of May. In works on scientific botany this species is stated to be an inhabitant of moist meadows, but it does not confine itself to such situations, for we have noticed it growing abundantly on the banks of streams, and frequently with the lower *part of the* stem submerged, and sometimes

the flower alone visible above the surface of the water, in the middle of a brook. The flower is almost white, inclining to a pale bluish colour. Shakspeare's term, "silver white," is very appropriate, as it is seen rearing its head above the clear and shining streamlet. The flower is well known, is a great favourite among children, and produces a cheerful effect at the beginning of the floral season.

Seldom indeed is this flower made mention of in the productions of the bard, so that we are obliged to be content with an anonymous sonnet, addressed to it on its first appearance.

Bright flower! how gladly do we welcome thee!
Attendant on the early steps of Spring,
Who in her train doth ever kindly bring
Thousands of blooming guests; around we see,
The primrose and the pale anemone,
In every wild wood or shady grove;
And the golden celandine, as we rove
Through verdant meadows, or upon the lea,
With many other gifts from Flora's hand,
Whose perfect skill is seen in simplest flower
That blooms in wilds unknown or lady's bower,
Deck hill and dale of this our native land.
We welcome thee, O! cheerful Cuckoo-flower!
As on the streamlet's brink we see thee stand.

MS.

The Cuckoo-flower is frequently cultivated, when it becomes double, and it then varies in colour from white to delicate purple; and, as the flowers do not in that condition produce seed, the leaflets throw out roots when they come in contact with the soil, and thus the plant is propagated; "a most beautiful instance," observes Dr. *Deakin, "of the* provision made for the perpetuity of

particular species; for when by luxurious feeding the flowers of this plant become double, from the expansion of its parts of fructification into petals, they consequently become barren, so that, if other means were not substituted, there would be no further increase of the plant."

There are other species of the Cuckoo-flower, but we shall only notice the large flowered bitter cress *(Cardamine amara)*, which is not so often found as the former kind, but is far from being uncommon. It is very seldom observed in the open meadow, except in moist situations, but limits itself to brooks and ditches. It has a general resemblance to *C. pratensis*, but is readily distinguished from it by the yellowish tinge of its petals, and by the broad deeply-toothed leaflets of the upper leaves, while the upper leaves of *C. pratensis* are somewhat feather-shaped, and similar to those of *Hottonia palustris*, or Featherfoil, which flowers in like situations in July.

The generic name of this flower is compounded of two Greek words, which signify to strengthen the heart, in allusion to the supposed strengthening qualities which the genus is said to possess.

The Cuckoo-flower *(Cardamine pratensis)* is placed in the class *Tetradynamia* and order *Siliquosa* in the Linnæan system, and in the order *Cruciferæ* in the Natural system.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT,

Myosotis; *L.* Gremillet ou Scorpionne; *Fr.* Vergiss mein nicht; *Ger.* Kruidig muizenoor; *Dutch.* Orecchio de topo; *Ital.* Miosota; *Sp.* Myosota; *Port.* Dukowka; *Russ.* Forgjæt mig ej; *Dan.*

"That name, it speaks in accents dear
Of love, and hope, and joy, and fear;
It softly tells an absent friend
That links of love should never rend;
Its whispers waft on swelling breeze,
O'er hill, and dale, by land and seas,
Forget-me-not!

Gem of the rill! we love to greet
Thy blossoms smiling at our feet.
We fancy to thy flow'ret given
A semblance of the azure heaven;
And deem thine eye of gold to be
The star that gleams so brilliantly."

BOUQUET DES SOUVENIRS.

THE romantic story with which the Forget-me-not is connected, has made it known to thousands who, perhaps, would never otherwise have become acquainted with its existence. Independent, however, of the fame thus attached to it, when once seen and noticed, its own beauty would gain for it a place in the memory. The bright blue of the flowers, and their rich golden centres, render them individually an object to be admired; and as they gradually unfold themselves at the curled extremity of the stem, where they are ranged in two rows, and alternately, on footstalks, their appearance is truly beautiful; but when the plants in bloom are so *numerous* as to form a sort of fringe on the margin of *a rivulet, as we* have seen them, words cannot convey

an adequate idea of the effect. They are, in truth, very ornamental to our streams and ditches, and cannot fail to win the favour of every rambler who strolls where is seen,

> "By rivulet, or spring, or wet road-side,
> That blue and bright-ey'd flow'ret of the brook,
> Hope's gentle gem, the sweet 'Forget-me-not.'"

The incident already referred to as having rendered this flower so well known, and which we are told gave rise to its present name, is said to have occurred on the banks of the Danube. Two betrothed lovers were strolling along, on a pleasant summer's evening in the delightful month of June, engaged in agreeable and affectionate conversation, when they observed the pretty flower of the water scorpion grass apparently floating on the water. The bride elect looked upon the flower with admiration, and, supposing it to be detached, regarded it as being carried to destruction; her lover, regretting its fate, and wishing to preserve it, was induced to jump into the river; but as he seized the flower, he sunk beneath the stream: making a final effort, he threw the flower on the bank, repeating, as he was sinking for the last time, the words "vergiss mich nicht." Since this event, the Germans have called the flower *Vergissmeinnicht*, and we, translating the word, Forget-me-not.

The circumstance whence this flower derived its name, and the name itself, have made it a favourite with German poets. Goëthe, in his "Lay of the Imprisoned Knight," represents it to be the choice flower of the lady whose praises are rehearsed. We insert Lord Y. *Leveson Gower's* translation of these lines.

"Ah! well I know the loveliest flower,
The fairest of the fair,
Of all that deck my lady's bower,
Or bind her floating hair.

Not on the mountain's shelving side,
Nor in the cultivated ground,
Nor in the garden's painted pride,
The flower I seek is found.

Where time on sorrow's page of gloom
Has fixed its envious lot,
Or swept the record from the tomb,
It says Forget-me-not.

And this is still the loveliest flower,
The fairest of the fair;
Of all that deck my lady's bower,
Or bind her floating hair."

The Forget-me-not grows on the banks of the Avon, and an English writer has compared its rich colour to the eye of his beloved.

"To flourish in my favourite bower,
To blossom round my cot,
I cultivate the little flower,
They call Forget-me-not.

It springs where Avon gently flows,
In wild simplicity,
And 'neath my cottage window grows,
Sacred to love and thee.

This pretty little flow'ret's dye,
Of soft cerulean blue,
Appears as if from Ellen's eye
It had received its hue.

Though oceans now betwixt us roar
Though distant be our lot.
Ellen! though we should meet no more,
Sweet maid, Forget-me-not!"

We have also observed the Forget-me-not here and there blooming on the reedy margin of the shallow Dearne, as it winds along its tortuous course through the broad vale which bears its name, in Yorkshire; but nowhere have we seen it so abundant and in such luxuriance as on the classic banks of the Cam and the Granta, along with the yellow water lily *(Nuphar lutea)* and the yellow Iris *(Iris pseud-acorus)*; and in the moist ditches of the fields lying adjacent to them, in Cambridgeshire.

The generic name, Myosotis, is compounded of two Greek words, signifying mouse-ear, to which its leaves are thought to bear a close resemblance. It flowers profusely during the months of June, July, and August, and the lower part of the stem, which is from one to two feet high, is generally below the surface of the water. The whole plant is covered with soft, white, depressed hairs. The Germander Speedwell is frequently mistaken for it, but a comparison of the two will immediately show the difference, and the distinctions once noticed are not likely to be forgotten.

The Forget-me-not, which was formerly known as Mouse-ear Scorpion-grass *(Myosotis palustris)*, belongs to the Linnæan class *Pentandria* and order *Monogynia*, and is included in the Natural system in the order *Boragineæ*.

THE COLUMBINE.

Aquilegia; *L.* Ancolie; *Fr.* Der ackeley; *Ger.* Akeley; *Dutch.* Acquilegia; *Ital.* Pajarilla; *Sp.* Odamaki; *Jap.* Kolokoltschiki; *Russ.* Orlik; *Pol.*

In pink or purple hues arrayed,
Oftimes indeed in white,
We see, within the woodland glade,
The Columbine delight.
Some three feet high, with stem erect,
The plant unaided grows;
And at the summit, now deflect,
The strange formed flower blows.

MS.

THE Columbine, so remarkable for the peculiar form of its flowers, is very generally met with in open spaces in woods and pastures, and frequently in hedges bordering on plantations, in the months of May and June. The flower which our artist has so ably depicted, we spied just peeping timidly out of a hawthorn hedge, and on examination, found the plant completely hid by it. It was a well-grown plant, the stem being between two and three feet in length; the root is tuberous, the leaves of the stem are twice divided into three, smooth, with leaflets deeply cut into three lobes, and unequally crenated; the radical leaves grow on long round footstalks. Upon this plant were several beautiful flowers, growing in a panicle, on downy footstalks.

In the same neighbourhood we found another specimen, the flowers of which were more exposed than those of the above. They were of a deep purple tinge, and *we fancied that the* colour was changed from pale flesh-

colour to purple, by the free action of light. Scientific botanists consider purple to be the natural colour of the flower in a wild state, and that it only varies from that to pink and white when in cultivation. From our own experience, we judge that they are occasionally met with of various colours, as wild flowers.

The structure of the flower is extremely curious, and will well repay a careful and close examination. It is almost universally a favourite in country gardens, where it sometimes becomes double. The common English name, Columbine, says Skinner, was given to the plant because the flowers appear to represent the form or figure of the head and neck of doves *(columbarum)*. Its generic name, Aquilegia, has had two origins assigned to it; the one, because its nectaries have a resemblance to the claws of the eagle *(Aquila)*; the other, because its leaves, when not fully expanded, collect a large quantity of rain-water, and are thus natural conduit-masters *(Aquilegia)*.

It seems to have been introduced into the garden at a very early period, and known to our earliest poets, for Chaucer, in "The Marchantes Tale," says—

"Come forth now with thin eyen Columbine."

And Spenser mentions two coloured varieties of the flower—

"Bring hither the pincke and purple Cullambine."

The Columbine *(Aquilegia vulgaris)* is in the Linnæan class *Polyandria*, and order *Pentagynia*, and in the *Natural system* in the order *Ranunculaceæ*.

THE DAISY.

Bellis; *L.* La paquerette; *Fr.* Maslieben; *Ger.* Madelieven; *Dutch.* Margheritina; *Ital.* Maya; *Sp.* Bonina; *Port.* Barchatnaja zwietoschka; *Russ.*

> "——in the spring and play-time of the year,
> That calls the unwonted villager abroad
> With all her little ones, a sportive train,
> To gather king cups in the yellow mead,
> And prink their hair with Daisies."
>
> COWPER.

THE pretty Daisy is so common in fields and meadows, that some of our readers may think it unnecessary that we should include it in our collection; but if there be any field flower which has a pre-eminent claim to the epithet "favourite," surely this is it. For full six months and more, during each succeeding year, does the Daisy appear in thousands, spangling the verdant earth with its white star-like flowers, each floret of its delicate ray being tipped with the hue of the rose. How delighted are children, when permitted to play in meadows thus adorned, and there to gather their favourite Spring-flowers, none of which they admire more than the Daisy! With joy beaming in their faces, they snap, with their tiny hands, the brittle stem of the Daisy, they pluck the buttercup and the celandine, and stow them away in their pinafores, to be carried home, there to be re-assorted and formed into nosegays. Delighted with their present occupation, they looked forward, anticipating, to an additional pleasure to their home-joys, in marshalling their *booty in bunches*, with which perhaps they are able to

combine a few cowslip-bells, But how soon is the attention of the child diverted from its present object! See you that troop of children, laden with their frail spoil, already fading or bruised by the pressure unconsciously produced in the very effort to retain possession, —see you, how, exhausted by excitement, running, stooping, laughing, they retrace their steps homeward; the younger, too weary to carry their burden, gradually drop the flowers one by one; others, with a little strength and spirit remaining, spy the pretty blue speedwell, as they pass by hedgerows, and, attracted by this new prize, cast away part of their previous spoil, to make room for a stock of these; more imitate their example, until, led away by a succession of new and irresistible attractions, so profusely laid in their way in this beautiful world of ours, so new, so unknown to them, when they arrive at home they have scarcely a tenth of their original booty, and of that they are become almost heedless from mere exhaustion; evening has now closed upon them, and they retire to rest, to dream of beauteous fields bespangled with flowers; of the green trees, and the white and crimson may-flower that decks the hedges; of the sweet songs of the birds, so different and yet not inharmonious, carolled forth as they perch on branches or soar in mid-air; and fancy themselves glad participators in all the joys which these objects afford to intelligent beings.

And not less pleasing is the Daisy to "children of a larger growth;" as the child advances to boyhood, and from boyhood to manhood, he still loves the Daisy; it reminds him of former seasons, and he looks upon it as upon an old friend, and as an evident token of the never *changing goodness* of the bountiful Creator of the world.

Who causes the flower of the field to flourish, the grass to spring up for the cattle, the rich corn and trees to bring forth and ripen fruit, after their kind, for the use of man; and thus that simple flower, which was once productive of transient pleasure to the child, has now become the cause of serious, yet agreeable and profitable reflection to the man.

The construction of the Daisy is worthy of close observation. The flower is compound, that is, it is composed of several little yellow florets seated on a common receptacle, as we might place so many small cups upon one tray; for if we examine the yellow hemisphere in the centre of the flower, we shall find that there are one hundred and fifty little florets, or thereabouts; those in the middle being tube-shaped, and containing the anthers, whilst the others, which are nearer to the circumference of the disc, are of a flat shape, and have a stigma attached to each. The petals which radiate from this circle serve to secure the anthers and stigmata from the effects of wind and rain, until the pollen is discharged from the anthers upon the stigmata, so that seed may be germinated for a succession of plants; and when this purpose is answered, the Daisy ceases to exhibit that property of closing its petals as night approaches, and keeps them unfolded until they are decayed.

The composite nature of the flowers has procured for the Daisy (*Bellis perennis*) a place in the class *Syngenesia*, and order *Superflua*, in the Linnæan system; and in the order *Compositeæ*, in the Natural system.

The leaves are simple, and almost invariably radical; *sometimes*, however, one or two may be found proceeding *from the lower* part of the flower stalk. The crimson

tinge at the tip of the outer petals varies in intensity, as the situation in which they grow is more or less exposed, being nearly altogether absent in shady places.

As might be supposed, the Daisy has often been named by the poet, wherever it is indigenous. The French call it Paquerette, because it blooms most beautifully with them about the time of Easter (Pâque); and the children, as amongst us, seat themselves in a circle, and as they strip off each a petal from the single Daisy, repeat in succession, "*Il m'aime-un peu;—passionément—pas du tout;*" and so on to the last, each anxious about the words which shall be repeated with the last petal which is detached.

"La blanche et simple Paquerette
Que ton cœur consulte sur tout,
Dit: ton amant, tendre fillette,
T'aime, un peu, beaucoup, point du tout."

Our own Chaucer, who is esteemed the Father of English Poetry, speaks of it in such terms of praise, that we feel assured that it was regarded with as much favour in the fourteenth century as now. In his Prologue to "The Legende of Goode Women," we read—

"When that the month of Maie
Is comin, and I heare the foules sing,
And that the flouris ginnen for to spring,
Farwell my boke and my devocion.
Now have I than eke this condicion,
That above all the flouris in the mede,
Than love I moste these flouris white and rede,
Soche that men callin daisies in our toun;
To them I have so great affectioun;
As I saied erst, whan comin is the Maie,
That in my bedde there dawith me no day

That I n'am up, and walking in the mede,
To sene this floure ayenst the sunnè sprede,
Whan it upriseth erly by the morowe:
That blissful sight softinith all my sorrowe:
So glad am I, whan that I have presence
Of it, to doin it all revèrence,
As she that is of all flouris the floure,
Fulfillid of all vertue and honoure,
And evir ilike faire and freshe of hewe;
As wel in winter as in summer newe;
This love I core, and shall until I die;
All sweare I not, of this I woll not lie.
There loved no wight nothin in this life,
And whan that it is eve I renne blithe,
As soone as evir the sunne ginneth west,
To sene this floure, how it wool go to rest,
For fear of night, so hateth she darknesse,
Her chere is plainly spred in the brightnesse
Of the sunne, for there it woll unclose."

Montgomery (James), who has repeatedly expressed in poetry his admiration of the Daisy, in the following beautiful verses points out its superiority to many others which add beauty to our island, in its producing a succession of flowers nearly all the year round.

"There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine;
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,
While moon and stars their courses run,
Wreaths the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May;
To sultry August spreads its charms;
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale;

But this bold flowret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays round the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed,
And blooms on consecrated ground,
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue fly bends its pensile stem,
That decks the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page; in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise,
The rose has but a summer reign,
The Daisy never dies."

Burns, while following the plough, was inspired with some beautiful lines, in which he laments the destruction he was causing to the Daisy on the mountain.

"Small, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
For I must crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny gem.

Alas! 'tis not thy neighbour sweet,
The bonny lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mong the dewy wheat,
With speckled breast;
When upwards springing, blithe to greet
The purpling east.

Cold blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy humble birth,
Yet cheerfully thou venturest forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield
High-sheltering woods and walks must shield;
But thou between the random bield
Of clod or stone,
Adorn'st the rugged stubble field,
Unseen, alone.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snowy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lift'st thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share upturns thy bed,
And low thou lies!"

CINQUEFOIL.

Potentilla; *L.* Quintefeuille; *Fr.* Das fünffingerkraut; *Ger.* Vyfvingerkruid; *Dutch.* Cinquefoglio; *Ital.* Cinco en rama; *Sp.* Schabnik; *Russ.*

How gracefully the Potentilla throws,
Its trailing branches down the rude bank side,
Until they kiss the wavelet, as it flows
O'er pebbles polished by the crystal tide;
Nor there alone it grows, but far and wide
Its quinate leaves and golden blossoms lay,
And deck the borders of each rural way.

How beautiful its slender stem, imbued
With rich fresh tinge of purple blush and green,
At intervals with fine-cut leaves indued,
And bright hued flower rising them between;
No plant more elegant hath ever been
Within our native sea-girt island found,
'Mong those by which its hills and dales are crowned;

Yet softly creeps it o'er the humid earth,
Nor vainly seeks to win the vulgar gaze,
By climbing from the spot which gave it birth,
Entwining straight-up-growing stems, to raise
Its lovely form along the well trod ways;
But where it hath a verdant carpet wrought,
By downcast eyes its beauties must be sought.

MS.

At a very early period in the spring, the observant rambler, intent upon whatever new flower or plant may arrest his eye, soon finds the beautiful leaves of the Cinquefoil. If inexperienced, and unacquainted with its foliage, he will, perhaps, fancy that he is looking upon the wild strawberry plant, which it very much resembles. The leaflets of both are round, wedge-shaped,

and have their edges cut like and neatly as the teeth of a saw, whence they are termed serrated; but those of the strawberry are ternate, while those of the Cinquefoil are quinate, that is, the leaf of the former is composed of three leaflets, that of the latter of five, whence its common English name. Thus we may distinguish them. Their resemblance, however, does not end here; they are both furnished with trailing jointed stems, both throw out leaves and flower-stalks at the joints, and have a tendency to emit roots from the same parts, and from which they do strike out roots when brought into close contact with the soil. The flower-stalk of the strawberry is jointed, hairy, with a leaf at intervals, and produces many flowers; but that of the Cinquefoil is naked, with a solitary but elegantly formed and beautiful yellow flower at its extremity.

We, indeed, think the Cinquefoil altogether one of the most elegant of our wild flowers. In the early spring, its pale green foliage, each leaf growing on a solitary footstalk, clothes with verdure the margin of every brook; the bank of every hedgerow we pass by in roads and lanes; the untrodden edge of every public footpath; and, as the year advances, we observe its slender trailing stem, of a reddish purple tinge, creeping along the ground, or hanging down to the stream's brink, until the month of June arrives, and then here and there we find a bright yellow flower, with broadly heart-shaped petals, opening its delicate bloom beneath the influence of the summer's sun; and as if it told to others of its race how cheering were the beams which tempted it to unfold, how sweet the gentle breath of zephyrs *which played* around its form, hundreds are soon seen to

gem the green expanse its own leaves have prepared, as if to set off, by contrast, the richness of its golden hue. Hundreds, aye, thousands, of this lovely flower spread forth their beauties for our enjoyment; and though seated lowly on the ground, while more ambitious flowers exhibit their showy splendour on lofty stems, the Cinquefoil will ever receive the warmest admiration of the true lover of nature.

There are several British species of Cinquefoil, but the species which we so much admire is the common creeping Cinquefoil *(Potentilla reptans)*. It is necessary to mention this distinctly, because, in a scientific work on the flowering plants of England, another species, Silver-weed *(Potentilla anserina)*, is described as "the most elegant, and at the same time one of the most common, of the British Potentillas." The flower is very much like that of our special favourite, indeed, scarcely to be distinguished from it; and its creeping runners, which throw out numerous spreading leaves of a silvery green, from three to six inches long, with many lanceolate leaflets, acutely serrated, of variable dimensions, give it some pretensions to elegance: but in this respect, in our humble opinion, it will not bear comparison with the common creeping Cinquefoil. Silver-weed is very common on road sides, and begins to flower in June; it bears the name also of Wild Tansy, and from the avidity with which geese feed upon its leaves, it has been called Goose-grass.

The leaves of the Cinquefoil are very variable in size, which depends upon the compartive humidity of the soil in which it grows. They formerly held a prominent place in the pharmacopœia of herb-doctors, and in some

country districts, an infusion of them is drank as tea, for the purpose of reducing heat or feverishness. From their supposed *powerful* medical properties, the whole genus received the name Potentilla.

The flowering season of the Cinquefoil is from June to August, inclusive, but no plant varies more than this in its blooming. We have frequently observed a bank covered with it, gaily ornamented with an abundance of flowers sprinkled over it; and at no great distance we have come upon another, where the plant was equally plentiful, but with only a solitary blossom or two to be found upon the whole.

With respect to the remaining British species, it is sufficient to say that the form of the flowers is nearly the same; four of them have white petals, all the rest yellow.

The Cinquefoil *(Potentilla reptans)* falls into the Linnæan class *Icosandria*, and order *Polygynia*, and into the Natural order *Rosaceæ*.

THE SPOTTED ORCHIS.

Orchis; *L.* Orquis; *Fr.* Die Orchis; *Ger.* Standelkruid; *Dutch.* Orchide; *Ital.* Orchis; *Sp.*

What mood was Nature in when plants like these
Were bid their imitative forms display?
Some, a hideous monkey-shape portray,
Others with spotted lizards fancy please,
And frogs are seen to tremble in the breeze;
Here butterflies are resting on the spray,
There, some, in yellow man-like form, array
Their flowers grotesque; anon the humble-bee
Seems sipping honey from the purple flower,
And skilful spider* seated silently,
As lurking for his prey, in webby bower;
Then the various coloured fly we see,
The victim of the spider's treachery;
And last with spotted lip our pretty flower.

MS.

Of all the productions of nature which form part of the extensive kingdom of Flora, none are more remarkable than the orchidaceous plants. Not only are the habits of many of them altogether different from those of other plants, but the singular beauty of numbers of the tribe, the grotesque forms which their flowers assume, resembling in some cases animals, but more commonly presenting the appearance of various insects, render the order one of the most interesting, as well as most wonderful. In the colder climates, as in our own, they are found in woods, meadows, and pastures; and in the tropics their roots adhere to the branches of the loftiest forest trees. The tribe generally is of very little utility.

* Guillim, in his quaint way says, that "the spider is free of the *Weavers' Company.*"

Of indigenous species, the Spotted Orchis bears decidedly the prettiest flower. The solid stem grows from twelve to eighteen inches high, and is furnished with lanceolate leaves, keeled, and marked more or less strongly with purple spots on both sides. The flowers are borne at the extremity of the stem in a spike, if not sessile, nearly so; the lower flowers unfold themselves first, and some of these are generally faded before the whole spike has bloomed; the lower petal, or that which hangs downward, is the most conspicuous part of the flower; it is termed the lip, and varies from pale lilac to a delicate pink, and is powdered with minute purple spots. They possess very little fragrance, that of the pink being the strongest, and faintly reminding one of the rich scent of the pink hyacinth. They are very beautiful when in full bloom, and our specimen was selected from a number which we gathered in a small plantation of oaks near the village of Madingley, in Cambridgeshire, in the month of June. The soil was light and moist, of a dark colour, and the plants seemed to be remarkably healthy. We found a few also of the small Butterfly Orchis (*Habenaria bifolia*) in the same place, but these were nearly out of flower.

The Spotted Orchis (*Orchis maculata*) belongs to the Linnæan class *Gynandria*, and order *Monandria*, and to the extensive Natural order *Orchideæ*.

THE SMALL BINDWEED.

Convolvulus; *L.* Le liseron; *Fr.* Die winde; *Ger.* Winde; *Dutch.* Il vilucchio; *Ital.* La correguela; *Sp.* Oliser&o; *Port.* Snerli; *Dan.*

Frail flower! how beautiful thou art, as now
I see thee gaily spread thy petals wide!
While through the sky the lordly sun doth ride,
In glittering car of light and heat, whence flow
Beams, giving life to all the plants which grow
Upon this lovely earth; so long, I ween,
Thy paly tints by every eye are seen
Which roams o'er lofty hills or valleys low:
But, as the sun retires in seas of gold,
Though yet thy twining stem, where'er it grows
Hanging in rich festoons, no languor shows,
Thy fragile cup its beauties doth enfold,
To shun the damp and coldness of the night,
Until awakened by the orb of light.

MS.

THE Small Bindweed is one of the most elegant, and at the same time one of the commonest, flowers indigenous to this country; too common, indeed, for the agriculturist, who finds that his attempts to eradicate the very long, creeping, underground stems, with which it is furnished, are utterly vain. In gravelly soils especially, it spreads its perennial root through the pervious strata in all directions; it is very rapid in its growth, and throws numerous shoots from all parts, so that it is next to impossible to limit it within any bounds. In the months of July and August, as we pass through the cornfields, we observe it elegantly twining round stem after stem, at every step we take, displaying its delicate and graceful flower *to our gaze*; in meadows and pastures we find it

trailing upon the grass in every direction, unfolding its pale flowers to the caresses of the sunbeams, and adorning the verdant carpet on which they lie; they deck the banks of the road-side ditches, beneath every hedge, with rich festoons, being rendered more attractive by the varied hues of the flowers on different plants; on some we see them nearly white; on others white, with streaks, more or less broad, of delicate pink; and again, on others, altogether pink, with longitudinal stripes of a deeper shade.

We know of no plant more universally admired for elegance, for though we ourselves think it inferior in this characteristic to the creeping cinquefoil, yet it is more commonly known than that; the flowers are gayer and more prominent, and the habit of the plant is such, that it clings to and entwines around any other with an erect stem, which happens to be near it, even though it be a nettle; and thus elevating itself, displays its pretty blossoms some three or four feet above the ground, and catches the eye of many persons who unwittingly pass by the humble and drooping form of the Potentilla.

In addition to its delicate form and beautiful colour, the Small Bindweed possesses the desirable property of emitting an agreeable fragrance, when the atmosphere is dry, which is very much like that of the almond. It is endowed also with the faculty of closing its petals on the near approach of rain, and it always closes under the influence of the frequently scanty increase of humidity present in the atmosphere on the withdrawal of the sun's rarifying heat. This habit is generally regarded as a provision of nature for protecting the delicate pollen *from the destructive* effect of moisture.

The leaves of the Small Bindweed are placed alternately upon the stem, they are somewhat arrow-shaped, with acute lobes, are very variable in size, and grow on slender channeled footstalks. The flowers spring from the axil of the leaves, and are most commonly solitary on a footstalk about as long as the leaf. The capsules rarely arrive at maturity, the plant being chiefly propagated by the spreading of the underground stems.

The climbing habit of this plant and its abundance in cornfields, where it clothes the straw-stems with its green leaves and gay flowers, connects it with important reflections which arise in the mind when we survey the fields covered with corn, gleaming with a golden hue as it waves beneath the breeze. A few short months ago, these fields presented to our view only the dark and naked earth, but as time flowed on in its ceaseless course, the green blade gladdened our eyes with its rich promise, the fertilizing rain descended from the clouds, and the sun shed his genial warmth upon the bosom of the earth, so that the blade grew and put forth its bloom, the flowers fructified and the life-sustaining grains were formed, and then the sun with his summer beams ripened them, and now we, with thankfulness to Him Who made the universe, and Who gives "us rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness," behold these fruits gathered in, with a conscious sense that it is of His free gift alone that His creatures possess both food and raiment. How vain were all the efforts of mankind to rear corn, the staple of our food, to grow the grateful flax, or breed the fleece-bestowing flock, without His blessing on their labours!

The beauties of our flower have not often been cele-

brated by poets; we have culled the following lines from the "Bouquet des Souvenirs," suggested by the reaped fields.

The fields so lately clothed are bare,
The reaper's arm hath toiled there;
Loud shouts "throughout the welkin ring."
As glad the last rich load they bring;
Homeward the sunburnt labourers come,
With joyous cry of "Harvest Home!"

Trace we the path?—It first was trod
When late the plough upturned the sod;
Then swerving footsteps needs must stray,
Making an ever winding way,
And, failing in a line direct,
Beauty unconsciously effect,—

See here, although the field is bare,
Fringing the path or scattered near,
A few neglected ears we find,
Round which convolvulus hath twined;
Though scorned by all the world besides,
Still fond and true she with them bides.

The Small Bindweed (*Convolvulus arvensis*) is of the Linnæan class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*, and of the Natural order *Convolvulaceæ*.

There are two other indigenous species, of which the Great Bindweed (*C. Sepium*) is nearly as common as the preceding, but its place of growth is altogether different. It is very elegant and graceful in its habit, twining about the branches of trees in hedges, from which its large white flowers stand out very conspicuously, at the same season as the Small Bindweed. The flowers are said to be sometimes of a rose colour, but we have *not met with* any. Agnes Strickland has penned a few

lines which apply very appropriately to these two flowers:—

> How fair her pendent wreath
> O'er brush and brake is twining;
> While meekly there beneath,
> Midst fern and blossomed heath,
> Her lovelier sister's shining,
> Tinged with such gentle hues as streak
> A slumbering infant's glowing cheek.

The other is the Sea Bindweed (*C. Soldanella*), which is pretty common on our sandy sea-shores. The flowers, which bloom from June to August, are very short-lived, but the plant bears a continual succession of them throughout their season of flowering.

THE HAREBELL.

Campanula; *L.* La campanule; *Fr.* Die glockenblume; *Ger.* Klokjes; *Dutch.* Campanella; *Ital.* Campanula; *Sp.* Kolokoltschik; *Russ.*

Mark you the delicate bells of that flower,
Pendent so freely on sensitive threads;
You'd fancy they're used to tell forth the hour,
When fairies may quit their moss-covered beds.

Hark you!—'tis midnight—now list to the peals
Which Zephyrs chime forth from purple-hued bells;
And, see you! the moon with pale beams reveals
Revels of fairies in grassy green dells.

How richly they sound, so fine is the woof
Of which nature forms the pretty harebell;
The music they send forth, rings through the roof,
Which arches the grot where fairies do dwell,

List! they have ceased!—the revels are over,
Hie we to the glade to pluck the blue-bell,
Beauties so rich we soon shall discover,
And gather the flower we've ever loved well.

MS.

How well fitted are all the productions of nature to call forth our admiration! If one lacks aught of beauty, it abounds in utility; if it seems to be deficient in utility, it is clothed with beauty! This is especially true of wild flowers. Many plants, whose roots or leaves possess some useful medicinal properties, once of great value, but now superseded by other agents, procured by the researches of science, have no visible beauty to command our regard; while many others, which the farmer regards as weeds and would gladly banish from his

fields for ever, and which apparently possess no intrinsic worth, demand and receive our utmost admiration. Some, on account of the elegance of the plant generally; others, from the beauty, the singularity, or the rich colour of their flowers; and others even for their rarity. We are delighted with the snowdrop, because it flowers in a dreary season; we rejoice to see the violet and the primrose, both as being beautiful in themselves, and as the earliest flowers of the advancing year; we admire the trailing branches, the very elegantly formed leaves, and the pretty yellow flower of the cinquefoil; and the climbing, twining stem of the bindweed, garnished with its pale pink flowers; and yet, when we come to look upon the pretty Harebell, often springing up from a bank covered with Potentilla, we have plenty of the feeling of admiration left to feast our eyes upon its delicate beauty. It has pretty little root leaves, nearly round, and heart-shaped at the base, whence it is named the round-leaved Bell-flower; but the leaves on the lower part of the stem are lanceolate, and those of the upper part linear. The stem, which is perfectly upright and very slender, is about a foot or eighteen inches long, and at its extremity the flowers grow in a terminal panicle, hanging pendent by very slight thread-like footstalks. It is impossible to convey in words an accurate idea of the elegant shape of the flowers; and the richness of the azure with which they are dyed is indescribable. Our artist has drawn the flower with great correctness, and imitated its colour with remarkable success, but no art can communicate an adequate notion of the delicacy of the tint, the grace of the entire plant, the lightness of the flower, and the elegance of its form. The living

plant must be seen, in order that it may be thoroughly apprehended and appreciated.

We had written thus far, when we turned to Dr. Deakin's Florigraphia Britannica, to see what he had to say about the Harebell, and his remarks happen to be so much in unison with our own observations, and a conceit seems to have entered his imagination when writing about it, so similar to that which we have endeavoured to embody in the lines at the beginning of this article, that we shall quote them here:—

"No one who has made the collecting of plants either a part of his amusement or study, will turn over the collection of his herbarium, without almost every specimen reminding him of the circumstances under which it was gathered—nay, even the spot where, perhaps, the

> 'Strangers', whose steps have reached this solitude
> Know that this lonely spot was dear to one
> Devoted with no unrequited zeal
> To nature,'—

and who can have gathered the beauteous Harebell, gracefully bending on its slender stem, ringing its chimes to the song of the zephyrs, and saluting them as they pass over the dreary moors, or perhaps along the shady glen, or bounding on the green-clad mead, without having the place of its abode impressed upon the memory? It is so delicate in the colour of its flowers, so elegant in its form, so slender and graceful in its structure, as to be the favourite theme of many a worthy poet's song."

The Harebell blooms in greatest beauty in July and August, but we have met with it occasionally as late as *the middle of* October in full flower. An anonymous

writer of some pretty verses has also noticed it blooming in autumn, and thus addresses it :—

But most I love thine azure braid,
When softer flowers are all decayed,
And thou appearest,
Stealing beneath the hedgerow shade,
Like joys that linger as they fade,
Whose last are dearest.

Thou art the flower of memory;
The pensive soul recals in thee
The year's past pleasures;
And led by kindred thought will flee,
Till back to careless infancy
The path she measures.

Beneath autumnal breezes bleak,
So faintly fair, so sadly meek,
I've seen thee bending;
Pale as the pale blue veins that streak
Consumption's thin transparent cheek,
With death hues blending.

This flower is said to be the true Harebell of Scotland. In the "Lady of the Lake," Sir Walter Scott describes Ellen as plucking one of them;

For me she stooped, and looking round,
Plucked a blue Harebell from the ground;
For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower, that loves the lea,
May well my simple emblem be.

The Harebell (*Campanula rotundifolia*) is in the Linnæan class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*, and in the Natural order *Campanulaceæ*.

There are several indigenous species of the Campanula, of which, however, we shall only notice one more

here, and that is a doubtful one, namely, the Ivy-leaved Bell-flower (*C. hederacea*), which is found in abundance in several counties during the months of June, July, and August. Miss Twamley (now Mrs. Edwards), in the "Romance of Nature," alludes to the graceful and elegant structure of the plant, when

> Over the font's damp, mossy stones they grew
> Luxuriantly.
> These little bells of faint and tender blue,
> Which gracefully
> Bent their small heads in every breeze which strayed,
> From lawny sunshine to the woodland's shade.

Dr. Deakin says that he has "seen it spread its delicate and tender form over ornamental mossy rock work, and damp banks, in most elegant tufts of greater beauty than he remembered to have seen any plant, having the same habit."

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CREEPING LOOSESTRIFE.

Lysimachia; *L.* Lisimaque; *Fr.* Der gelbe weiderich; *Ger.* Weiderick; *Dutch.* Lisimachia; *Ital.* Lisimaquia; *Sp.* Lysimachia; *Port.* Werbuinik; *Russ.*

In shady woods how many flowers grow,
Hid from the eyes of unobservant men,
Who live and toil, and haply never know,
How many treasures lie within their ken.

Go to yon thicket; press through prickly weeds
Tall as yourself; press through nettles, briars,
Or aught which your exploring steps impedes;
Heed not scratches, stings, though patience triers.

Proceed, and now a rich reward you take;
There blooms the mullein with its yellow flower,
And the tall willow-herb, of crimson flake,
Which grows no fairer by the garden bower.

The yellow vetchling rolls its spiral threads,
As close with other plants it intertwines;
The bramble its pale pinky blossom spreads;
And the red fruit of spotted arum shines.

You'll find, perchance, a winter torrent's bed,
Of peaty earth, thickly with moss o'ergrown,
Scarce damp, dried up, by heavy rains unfed,
Plants rooted there, by water's absence shown.

Lo! in that shady spot are flowers of gold;
Are they the yellow Pimpernel of woods?
Ah! no; it is the plant well known of old,
As Creeping Loosestrife, loving banks of floods.

MS.

It was about the middle of August when we sallied forth for a country ramble, without designing to go in any particular direction, when our steps were led, first by

one incident and then another, to the skirts of a small wood of considerable age, and as it occurred to us that we might perhaps find within its shade the pretty yellow pimpernel, or wood loosestrife, we resolved to make the search. We soon made our way through a gap in the hedge, and at once found ourselves among a close mass of nettles and thistles, about six feet high, with a variety of other overgrown weeds and brambles, none of them the most agreeable things to come in close contact with; but the object we were in pursuit of was of sufficient importance to induce us to press onward, and by treading down the stems of these giant weeds, right and left, we contrived to progress slowly, and we found it expedient to do so, for the place was intersected with small ditches, which of course were hidden from our view by the excess of vegetation. Here we discovered a few flowers, but as the sun was retiring behind the western hills and twilight was at hand, we began to perceive that the exhalations from the immense mass of vegetation by which we were surrounded were particularly offensive, being prevented from rising by the superincumbeut stratum of the atmosphere, now becoming charged with moisture in consequence of its diminished temperature, and thus by its increased weight pressing downwards to the earth; immediately, therefore, we determined to hasten our steps, confining ourselves to the one purpose we had in entering the wood, and to search diligently for the yellow pimpernel. At length we came to a sort of ravine, the bed of which appeared to be a broad shallow ditch, which was now almost dry. Proceeding along this, we observed *here and* there a few yellow flowers, which were scarcely *visible on* account of the fading light; on plucking one

or two of these, we at first thought, with pleasure, that we had found the object of our search, but on closer examination we perceived that it was not the Wood Loosestrife, properly so called, but the Creeping Loosestrife; which is not considered quite so common as the former;

> "What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
> By any other name would smell as sweet;
> So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called:"

so says Shakspeare, and who dare dispute his dictum? Now, the Creeping Loosestrife is as pretty a flower as that of the Yellow Wood Pimpernel; indeed, place the flowers alone side by side, and scarcely would a botanist discern the difference; yet the latter name is so much more euphonical than the former, that in the same degree we seem to like the flower more.

The Creeping Loosestrife, the flower inwoven in our group, inhabits wet shady pastures and banks, where it soon spreads, so as to cover the ground with a thick mat, formed of its prostrate stems and branches, both which are furnished with closely set roundish and somewhat heart-shaped leaves. The whole plant is smooth and shining, of a pale green; the stem is slender and angular, and upon it the leaves are placed opposite. The flowers, which are rather larger than those of the yellow pimpernel, are of a pale yellow, and rise singly on a footstalk from the axis of the leaves. The corolla consists of five acute egg-shaped petals, united at the base, where they scarcely form a tube.

The Creeping Loosestrife, or Moneywort *(Lysimachia nummularia)*, belongs to the Linnæan class Pen-

tandria, and order *Monogynia;* and to the Natural order *Primulaceæ*.

The Yellow Pimpernel, or Wood Loosestrife *(L. nemorum)* very closely resembles the above, and it will be sufficient for the purpose of distinguishing between them to say, that the leaves of this plant are egg-shaped, tapering to an acute angle at the extremity. Like the former, its flowers present a very gay appearance, and together with its smooth and shining leaves, render it a very desirable plant for moist and shady sides of plantations in pleasure grounds. The former prefers a greater amount of moisture, and may be planted with great advantage on the wet banks of ponds, streams, and artificial lakes.

THE FIELD LARKSPUR.

Delphinium; *Tou.* La dauphinelle; *Fr.* Der rittersporn; *Ger.* Ridderspoor; *Dutch.* Speronella; *Ital.* Espuela de caballero; *Spanish.* Esporeira; *Port.* Kawalerskoi spor; *Russ.* Ostrozka; *Pol.*

As late a summer's evening stroll I took,
Exploring every flowering bank and nook,
I wandered where the reapers just had cleared
A field of ripened wheat, in which appeared
A friend, who was its owner; so I went,
And through the stubble rambled; fully bent
On gleaning, not the scattered ears of corn,
But wild flowers by the sickle left unshorn.
Long time I walked about in vain pursuit;—
Twilight was near, and all the birds were mute,
The gleaners home had gone, with well filled arms,
The clouds were slowly hiding nature's charms,
And I from the field my steps was bending,
With eyes still to their fixed object 'tending,
When lo! among the stubble I espied
A pretty flower, with petals purple-dyed;
I gathered one—'twas the Larkspur—and more
Were there; how strange I saw them not before!
I plucked a handful, of various hue,
Of red, pale pink, of white, and purple-blue.
How straight its slender downy stem! how light
The spreading calyx of the flower! how bright
The varied tints! how delicate the leaves!
How soft the woof whatever Nature weaves!

MS.

THE Field Larkspur, which differs in no respect from the annual which is commonly cultivated in the flower border, is by no means to be generally met with in a wild state throughout the kingdom. In such soil as it prefers, it is found in great abundance, as in the sandy and chalky *fields* of the counties of Kent, Suffolk, and

Cambridge; and also at Thorp Arch, near Leeds, Yorkshire. Its flowers are very beautiful as well as singular; they grow in a loose panicle at the extremity of a long erect stem, which is occasionally branched, round, and sometimes downy. The sessile leaves are set alternately, both on the stem and branches, divided into three, with many narrow, linear subdivisions. The flowers, which are few in number, are furnished with footstalks. The calyx is coloured, and has the appearance of five spreading petals, the upper leaf of which is produced at its base in the form of a spur, whence the plant derives its name. The colour of the calyx varies as the petals of the flower, which are all united into an irregular cleft hood, which imparts a very curious appearance to the whole. When cultivated in a rich loamy soil, the stamens become expanded into petals, which form numerous flowered close spike-like racemes, of great beauty.

The generic name of the plant, Delphinium, is a Latinized form of the Greek word Δελφινιον, a dolphin, given to the flower because its unexpanded buds have been compared to that fish. The French call it also *Eperon de Chevalier*, Knight's-spur, which is the same as its Italian name, *Sperone di cavaliere.*

The Field Larkspur (*Delphinium consolida*), is placed in the Linnæan class *Polyandria* and order *Digynia*, and in the Natural order *Ranunculaceæ.*

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

Lonicera. Chevrefeuille; *Fr.* Das geisblatt; *Ger.* Kamperfolie; *Dut.* Madreselva; *Ital.* and *Sp.* Madresylva; *Port.*

Dearnefield! whence is it that I love to stroll
Along thy verdant fields, or willowed stream,
Whose flowing murmurs sweetest music seem?
Whence do I love to climb the rising knoll,
Where I may view thy limpid waters roll,
And thy fair landscape spread before mine eyes?
Whence seem the odours, which arouud me rise,
From rose and luscious woodbine, and the whole
Troop of blooming flowers—whence seem they to shed
A richer fragrance on my charmed sense?—
Is it that here long time my fathers led
Their simple lives, tilling the grateful soil,
That, with rich fruits, repaid their active toil?
Is this the cause of my delight intense?

Loved Dearnefield! often have my wishes pressed,
When far away, to tread thy well known vale,
To breathe the richness of the gentle gale
Which floateth lightly o'er thy velvet breast,
Perfumed by blossoms in its course caressed.
Oft hath my fancy brought to view the rose,
Which in thy rustic lanes profusely blows;
And the Wild Honeysuckle, gaily drest
In blending hues of yellow and of red,
Which there, in rich abundance, throws its stems
In beautiful festoons, while its flowers shed
Their fragrant sweets upon the evening air.
No blooming shrub's more plentiful or fair,
Than Woodbine wild among thy floral gems.

MS.

WHEN strolling through a part of the country which is new to us, we are led by the habit of association to seek with eager eyes for such flowers as we remember to

have seen growing in great plenty in other districts with which we are familiar. We felt this eagerness in particular in the case of the Wild Honeysuckle, which, being so very commonly found throughout the island, we were surprised and considerably disappointed, when for a long time we searched for it in vain in the neighbourhood of our present residence. We saw it wreathing with its flowered branches the latticed windows of cottages, adorning the trim arbours of suburban villas, and drank in its fragrance with the breath of evening; but no where could we see

> A filbert hedge with wild briar overtwined,
> And clumps of Woodbine taking the soft wind
> Upon their summer thrones; KEATS.

nor even a solitary shrub in all the hawthorn hedges, although the wild rose was plentiful enough, and occasionally its sweet breath betrayed to us the presence of the eglantine, or sweet briar. At length, however, as we were taking a more extended ramble, for the purpose of exploring a thicket, where we expected to find some of Flora's treasures, we spied a single clump of the Woodbine blooming in full beauty;

> How rich the prize, how gay the flower!
> Sweeter than all which bloom in bower,
> We deemed this Woodbine wild;
> We sought it long, and sought in vain,
> Now, finding it, we felt again
> The joy, which, as a child,
> Had filled our breast with glad delight,
> (So pleased the sense of smell, and sight!)
> When flowers wild we found:
> We plucked the beauty from its throne—
> The beauty there we'd found alone
> *Of* all the country round. MS.

Our delight at this discovery was now enhanced by our previous disappointment, and hastening up the bank, we were soon in possession of the finest flowers upon the shrub, prizing them the more, as being the only Wild Woodbines we had met with this summer.

The Woodbine is an universal favourite, and decorates the hedges in almost every part of England. It is as much admired for the peculiar and agreeable fragrance which it scatters—which is perceived more sensibly in an evening after rain,—as for the beauty of its flowers, and the gracefulness of its twining branches, which, twisting themselves around the branches of other bushes, and often round the naked stems of lofty trees, adorns them with elegant festoons.

The texture of the stem of the Honeysuckle is woody. The stem twists itself from right to left, and throws out in opposite directions numerous branches and leaves. The leaves are long egg-shaped. The flowers grow in terminal whorls. Each flower is between one and two inches in length, but very irregular. The corolla is a long tube, gradually dilating towards the extremity, one side of which swells and curls backwards, the outer edge being cut in four lobes. The external colour of the corolla on the upper side varies from a darkish red, with a yellow shade, to a pale straw colour. After flowering, the fruit appears at the end of the branch, in the form of a small cluster of round, bright, red berries, which are nauseous and bitter.

The Honeysuckle, in its cultivated state, seems to be especially the property of the peasant; wherever it is seen to cluster round the window of a whitewashed cot-

tage, and thickly thatched roof, it seems to shed an appearance of happy quiet and contentment, and to speak of innocence and affection. The Countess of Blessington has expressed in poetry the thoughts which such a scene excited in her mind :—

See the Honeysuckle twine
Round this casement :—'tis a shrine
Where the heart doth incense give,
And the pure affections live
In the mother's gentle breast
By her smiling infant press'd.

Blessed shrine! dear, blissful home!
Source whence happiness doth come!
Round by the cheerful hearth we meet
All things beauteous—all things sweet—
Every solace of man's life,
Mother,—daughter,—sister,—wife!

England, Isle of free and brave,
Circled by the Atlantic wave!
Though we seek the fairest land
That the south wind ever fann'd,
Yet we cannot hope to see
Homes so holy as in thee.

As the tortoise turns its head
Towards its native ocean-bed,
Howsoever far it be
From its own beloved sea,
Thus, dear Albion, evermore
Do we turn, to seek thy shore!

Ebenezer Elliott, whose muse loves to dwell on political or social wrongs, fancied or real, and who appears most disposed to record the darker shades of human character, has associated the pure woodbines of June with the broken vows of rustic lovers. We quote the lines here, for the purpose of showing how easily we may

associate whatever is beautiful and calculated to add to our enjoyment, with the vices and frailties of human nature, and so make them minister to feelings of discontent and misanthropy.

Broom glow'd in the valley,
For William and Sally,
The rose with the rill was in tune;
Love fluttering their bosoms
As breezes the blossoms,
They strayed through the Woodbines of June.

Oft, oft he caressed her,
And to his heart pressed her,
The rose with the woodbine was twined;
Her cheek on his bosom,
Like dew on the blossom,
Enchanted the tale-telling wind.

Poor Sally was bonny,
But Mary had money,
Ay, money, and beauty beside;
And wilt thou, sweet Mary,
Thou fond and unwary,
Deprive the wise fool of his bride?

Yes, bee-haunted valley!
Poor heart-broken Sally
No more, with her William, will stray—
"He marries another!
I'm dying!—O mother!
Take, take that sweet woodbine away!"

The Wild Honeysuckle *(Lonicera caprifolium)* belongs to the Linnæan class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*, and to the Natural order *Caprifoliæ*.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

Anagallis; *L.* Le mouron; *Fr.* Das gauchhiel; *Ger.* Het guichelheil; *Dutch.* Anagallide; *Ital.* Anagalide; *Sp.* Murriao; *Port.* Kuyâtschja nogâ trawâ; *Russ.*

My daily walk is o'er the hills,
And through the broad and wealthy vale,
Refreshed and fed by flowing rills;
Whence oft at night, when moonbeams pale
Are dancing on the rippling wave,
Homeward I bend my weary feet,
To gain the rest my labours crave,—
And toil-earned rest is ever sweet,

I tend the flock, and guard the herds,
With active limbs and searching eye,
Cheered by the music of the birds,
Which perch on trees, or soar on high;
Nor do I fail to look around
For favourite wild flowers, blooming fair,
Which grace the hedgerows or the ground,
And shed their perfumes on the air.

The primrose pale and cowslip sweet,
The hawthorn bloom with crimson hue,
And roses wild, my senses greet
With fragrant breath, which life renew;
And if I would the weather know,
Ere on some pleasure trip I go,
My scarlet Weather-glass will show
Whether it will be fair or no.

The blue-eyed Pimpernel will tell
By closed lids of rain and showers,
A fine bright day is known full well
When open wide it spreads its flowers.
Some flowers put on more gay attire,
And this in usefulness excel;
But I, a shepherd, most admire,
The blue-eyed, Scarlet Pimpernel.

MS.

AMONG our indigenous plants, no one, who has paid any regard to them at all, can have failed to notice the rarity of any flowers approaching to scarlet; it is, indeed, asserted, that besides the scarlet poppy, so common on road sides and in cornfields, we have only one native flower of that colour, and that is the Scarlet Pimpernel. This little flower, which often escapes notice, being so diminutive, is exceedingly rich in its colour, which has a somewhat yellow tinge, and the base of the petals are deep blue or purple, which uniting, form a rich spot in the centre, called the eye.

The Scarlet Pimpernel has a very small fibrous root dividing into branches, and a square smooth stem covered with minute purple spots. Its leaves are opposite, and occasionally sessile, acutely egg-shaped, having their principal ribs from the base; they are smooth, and of a bright green colour. The flowers grow on footstalks rising from the axils of the leaves; they are wheel shaped, with a very short tube, and have five petals. The margin of the petals is crenate (notched), with short glandular hairs, which are most plentiful upon the buds, or upon the just expanding flower.

The beautiful flowers of the Scarlet Pimpernel are remarkably sensitive. If the atmosphere be dry, it usually unfolds its petals about eight minutes past seven o'clock in the morning, and so long as the air continues dry, and the sun shines, it will remain expanded until the afternoon; but if moisture be present in the atmosphere, and rain clouds make their appearance, its corolla closes immediately. Thus it is truly a rustic barometer, and has acquired the common name of the Shepherd's Weather-glass. By this provision of nature, the Pimpernel

is enabled to perfect its seeds and perpetuate its kind; and though it is so lowly in its habit, that men do not interest themselves about it, yet it is of great service in the economy of the universe. Its seeds furnish food for insects, whose existence is doubtless essential to the welfare of creation, notwithstanding that we are ignorant of their duties, and of the value of their labours. Some of the smaller species of the feathered tribe prefer its seeds when they can procure them, and as the flower is generally most common on ploughed lands and cultivated fields, we may assume that much of the seed which the husbandman commits to the soil is saved from the ravages of birds, by their preference for those of the Pimpernel, as well as for those of other wild plants.

The Pimpernel begins to bloom early in June, and continues a succession of its bright scarlet flowers until the end of September. It has at various times been thought to possess valuable medicinal properties, but as it has entirely lost its reputation for them, it is not necessary to detail the diseases for which it was supposed to be a remedy.

There is a blue flowered Pimpernel *(A. cærulea)*, which is not so common as the scarlet flower. Some botanists regard the two as distinct species, but the Rev. J. S. Henslow, Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge, proves by cultivation from seed that they are merely varieties of the same species; that is, he proves it to his own satisfaction, as well as to the satisfaction of many other intelligent botanists. It is said to grow abundantly in Switzerland, and to have been found *near Mitcham*, in Surrey, and also at Histon, in Cambridgeshire. A friend has noticed it growing about

Terling, in Essex. The eye of the blue flower is scarlet.

The Pimpernel, from being called the Shepherd's Weather-glass, has called forth several pretty pieces of poetry, among which, Miss Twamley's "The Country Maid and the Pimpernel-flower" is not the least pleasing:—

"I'll go and peep at the Pimpernel,
And see if she think the clouds look well;
For if the sun shine,
And 'tis like to be fine,
I shall go to the fair,
For my sweetheart is there;—
So, Pimpernel, what bode the clouds and the sky?
If fair weather, no maiden so merry as I."

The Pimpernel-flower had folded up
Her little gold star in her coral cup;
And unto the maid
Thus her warning said!
"Though the sun smile down,
There's a gathering frown
O'er the checkered blue of the clouded sky;
So tarry at home, for a storm is nigh."

The maid first looked sad, and then looked cross,
Gave her foot a fling, and her head a toss;
"Say you so, indeed,
You mean little weed?
You're shut up for spite,
For the blue sky is bright;
To more credulous people your warnings tell,
I'll away to the fair—good day, Pimpernel."

"Stay at home," quoth the flower. "In troth, not I,
I'll don my straw hat with a silken tie;
O'er my neck so fair
I'll a kerchief wear,
White, checkered with pink;
And then,—let me think,
I'll consider my gown—for I'd fain look well."
So saying, she stepped o'er the Pimpernel.

Now the wise little flower, wrapped safe from harm,
Sat fearlessly waiting the coming storm;
Just peeping between
Her snug cloak of green,
Lay folded up tight
Her red robe so bright,
Though broidered with purple, and starred with gold,
No eye might its bravery then behold.

The fair maiden straight donned her best array,
And forth to the festival hied away:
But scarce had she gone
Ere the storm came on,
And, 'mid thunder and rain,
She cried, oft and again,
"Oh! would I had minded yon boding flower,
And were safe at home from the pelting shower."

Now, maidens, the tale that I tell would say,
Don't don fine clothes on a doubtful day;
Nor ask advice, when, like many more,
Your resolve was taken some time before.

The Common Pimpernel *(Anagallis arvensis)*, b
longs to the Linnæan class *Pentandria*, and order *Mon*
gynia, and to the Natural order *Primulaceæ*.

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THE MUSK MALLOW.

Malva; *L.* La mauve; *Fr.* Die malve; *Ger.* Maluwe; *Dutch.* Malva; *Ital.* and *Sp.*

> Nor will the breast where fancy glows,
> Deem every flower a weed, that blows
> Amid the desert plain.
>
> SHENSTONE.

One of the commonest, and certainly not the least beautiful of our wild flowers, is the Field Mallow *(Malva sylvestris)*, which, from the beginning of May until a late period of the autumn, is seen on the borders of roads and fields in almost every part of Britain. We greatly admire its blossoms, which are of a delicate reddish purple, though occasionally varying to a white, or even to a bluish tinge, with a few darker streaks of colour running from the base to the outer edge of the petals. Its flowers are not more beautiful than fragile, for they fade and wither very quickly after they are severed from the plant on which they grow; and it is seldom that we can restore them by artificial means to any degree of freshness.

The stems of the Mallow are generally erect, and of an herbaceous nature. The handsome leaves, which have seven acute lobes, are roundish and plaited, the margin of the lobes being slightly notched; those which grow nearer the summit of the stem are angular at the extremity, and cut only into three or five lobes. The flowers grow in clusters from the axils of the leaves. The petals are long and somewhat heart-shaped, with longitudinal veins of a deeper colour than that of the

flowers generally. The whole plant is rough and hairy. A thick emollient fluid is obtained from it by maceration.

The Dwarf Mallow *(M. rotundifolia)* is a very pretty species, growing with its stem prostrate, with downy leaves rather more heart-shaped than the preceding. It is frequent in some districts, on waste ground by the road sides and footpaths. The flowers spring from the axils of the leaves, and are rose-coloured, yet sometimes found purple or white. This species is a doubtful annual.

The remaining indigenous species will, however, obtain the favour of the fair more readily than either of the two we have described, for it is scented with a delicate musky odour; and this species we have chosen to represent in our group, not because it is more beautiful than the other, but because it is more certain of becoming generally a "favourite" field flower; yet we cannot admit this without bearing our testimony to the matchless beauty of every flower that blooms upon the earth. The more familiar we become with *the paltry weeds* which open their blossoms to the eye of day alone, the more do we admire each little floweret that we find in the fields, or on the barren hills and cliffs. How delighted were we only a few days ago with the tiny white flowers of the heath, blooming upon the chalky hills, with some pretty diminutive species of the wild geranium, elegant miniature labiate flowers with beautifully spotted lip, and a splendid specimen of the clustered Bell-flower *(Campanula glomerata)*, the only one we have seen this year; but alas! before we reached home its beauty, *and that of* several others we had gathered, was faded. *But, except* the Bell-flower, they might be all classed

among weeds, as doubtless they are by the cultivator of the soil.

How many plants, we call them weeds,
Against our wishes grow;
And scatter wide their various seeds
To all the winds that blow.

Man grumbles when he sees them rise
To foul his husbandry;
Kind Providence this way supplies
His lesser family.

Scattered, but small, they 'scape the eye,
But are not wasted there;
Safe they in clefts and furrows lie;
The little birds find where.

WORDSWORTH.

The Musk Mallow *(M. moschata)* is not seldom to be found by the waysides and on field borders in gravelly soils. It has a tough and somewhat woody root, and an erect partially branched stem. The radical leaves have long footstalks, with rounded limbs, variously cut into lobes. The stem leaves are more deeply lobed and cut than these, so that they appear to be pinnatifid. The flowers are usually rose coloured.

The musk-like odour which this plant emits, and on account of which it has received its specific name *(moschata)*, is very faint. Professor Henslow says that he never observed it; but in the evening and early in the morning it is very perceptible.

The Musk Mallow closes its petals at sunset, as many other flowers do. Lord Bacon condescended to make some observations on this property in flowers, which, *as they are* very philosophical and exceedingly

quaint, we quote here; they are taken from his "Sylva Sylvarum." "It is manifest that some flowers have two respects to the sun, the one by opening and shutting, the other by bowing and inclining their heads: for most flowers open their leaves when the sun shines clear, and in some measure close them, either towards night or when the sky is overcast. Of this there needs no such solemn reason as that plants rejoice in the presence and mourn in the absence of the sun; the cause being no more than a little moisture of the air, which loads the leaves, and swells them at the bottom, whereas the dry air expands them. The plants that bow and incline the head are the great Sunflower, Mallow-flowers, &c. The cause of this is somewhat more obscure than the former, but I take it to be no other than that the part against which the sun beats grows more weak and flaccid in the stalk, and then becomes less able to support the flower."

Few bards have sung of the Mallow, but the fair authoresses of the "Bouquet des Souvenirs" have given us a few verses which we must not omit.

No flower is this of fiery hue,
Nor golden tint it bears;
It boasts not of cerulean blue,
Nor pearly whiteness wears;
Yet who can despise the sweet tints of this flower,
Though it deck not the lawn, nor adorn lady's bower?

Yet only in the shade of night
It sends its fragrance forth,
As though it deemed no earthly light
Were conscious of its worth;
So it bends its head low, as it wafts it away
Ere the star of the morn tells the breaking of day.

There's nought beneath the vault of heaven,
That we may useless deem;
E'en to this plant a moral's given,
Though simple it may seem;
Emblem of *meekness!* Oh! who doth not hallow
The bright green leaf of the musk-scented Mallow?

The Mallow is in the Linnæan class *Monodelphia* and order *Polyandria;* and in the Natural order, of which itself is the type, *Malvaceæ.*

THE YELLOW BALSAM.

Impatiens; *Rivinus.* La Balsamine; *Fr.* Der springsame; *Ger.* Springzaad; *Dutch.* Balsamina gialla; *Ital.* Balsama amarilla; *Sp.* Melindre naô me toques; *Port.* Springurt; *Dan.*

In the thick and deep recess
Of a blooming wilderness,
Tangled weeds concealed from view—
What alone by sound we knew—
A bubbling murmuring stream,
Unlit by glittering beam
Of the gorgeous sun above
This delightful cool alcove.

On the soft and moistened bank,
Which the brooklet's waters drank,
'Mid the ravelled weeds there grew,
Pleasing to our searching view,
Yellow Balsam's blossom gay,
Scattered o'er in thick array,
With the shining scarlet spots
Nature to this flower allots.

MS.

THE Yellow Balsam is by no means so common as the generality of those flowers which we have already brought before the notice of our readers, and consequently does not challenge our attention with such effect; it is, in fact, so rare, and grows in localities of such limited extent, that to the majority of the inhabitants of our island it is comparatively unknown, yet it does not the less claim to be recognized as a favourite flower of the field, for it cannot fail to win the admiration of all those who love the productions of Flora's kingdom, whenever they may meet with it.

The Yellow Balsam puts forth its large handsome

flowers in the month of July, and continues to bloom until September; they are of a bright pale yellow, spotted with scarlet. They are furnished with a calyx or flower-cup, which soon falls away when the flower expands. The corolla of the Balsam is irregular, composed of four petals, the upper one of which is erect and flat, with a point in the middle, which forms the upper lip; the lower one is a long tubular spur or nectary, and is curved back about one-third from the apex. The side petals are much larger than the others, and cut into lobes. All of them are finely veined.

The Yellow Balsam has a fleshy root, which throws out from the joints an abundance of fibres. It has an upright stem, varying in height from one foot to three, round and smooth, pellucid, and of a succulent nature, swollen at the joints, like its kindred of the garden; it is of a pale greenish yellow, except at the joints, where it changes to a reddish pink. From these joints spring branches, sometimes opposite, and sometimes alternate. The leaves are set on the stem and branches, in the same manner as the branches on the stem, growing on footstalks of different lengths; they are of a long egg shape, tapering towards the base, of a bright green colour, glaucous, and of a paler hue below than on the upper surface; the margin is coarsely serrated.

When the fruit, which is a long pointed capsule, is ripe, the slightest agitation causes them to curl suddenly, and hurl the seeds to some distance, whence the flower has received its generic name, Impatiens, and its specific name, by which it is even more commonly known than by that of the Balsam, *Noli-me-tangere*, or Touch-me-not.

The Yellow Balsam prefers moist and shady places, chiefly woods. It is mentioned by Ray as a native of various places in Westmoreland, Yorkshire, and Wales; and it still grows abundantly about the north end of Windermere in watery situations. It has also been found near Guildford, in Surrey; and Mr. Hopkirk says it is plentiful in a wet glen at Castlemilk, near Glasgow.

The whole plant is somewhat acrid, on which account cattle generally reject it. It is in the Linnæan class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia;* and belongs to the Natural order *Balsamineæ*.

There is another species which is now generally admitted to a place in the English Flora, though for a long period it was considered to be exclusively American. This is the tawny-flowered Balsam, which has been found growing on the banks of the Wey, in Surrey, and on those of several of its tributary streams. In its general appearance it is very much like the Yellow Balsam, but its flowers are of a deeper tawny yellow and considerably smaller. "The glaucous leaves are broader, and more regularly tapering to each extremity, and the emarginate spur of the flower is bent close, not simply recurved. A plant nearly allied to this was found near Bristol; it differs principally in having spreading branches, and slightly in a few other points. The leaves of both are stiffly deflected at their junction with the footstalks in the evening, which is probably the case in all the species."

THE CORN BLUE-BOTTLE.

Centaurea; *L.* La centaurée; *Fr.* Die flockenblume; *Ger.* Santorie; *Dutch.* Centaurea; *Ital.* and *Sp.*

THE arts and sciences have made rapid advances in Great Britain during the last two centuries, and have enabled us to extend not only our commerce to the remotest corners of the globe, but it is even said, and the assertion has not been contradicted, that "the sun never sets on the British dominions;" for this we are indebted, under the permission and the controlling government of Divine Providence, to the enterprize of the British people, aided by their skill and science. Strange it is, however, that we must acknowledge one science not to have advanced in like degree; a few years ago, agriculture was admitted to be in pretty much the same condition as it had been for centuries; the same principles guided the farmer in the cultivation of the soil, and improvements were regarded with suspicious eyes, as though involving ruin in their adoption; the yeoman, once the strength of the nation, and taking precedence, in rank, influence, and intelligence, of the artisan and tradesman, was left behind in the march of mind; and beyond the knowledge of the routine to which he must subject his fields,—a routine handed down from his ancestors,—he was lower in the scale of intelligence than many labouring mechanics. A change, however, has of late come over the land, and whatever may be the general effect of a free admission of foreign grown corn into our ports, it will surely be for good in this respect, that the competition induced will rouse into more active exertion

the once semi-dormant intellect of our agriculturists, and we are greatly mistaken if they do not at length surpass the bulk of our commercial population in mental accomplishments.

We have been led into these observations by noticing the varied condition of our corn fields; some overgrown with worthless weeds, choking the growing crops, and denoting the lowest possible state of cultivation; others where the most injurious have been nearly eradicated; and again, some few where very few weeds or even corn-flowers were to be seen. Of the latter, we have generally noticed the common bindweed as most frequent, and then the different species of centaury, or Knapweed, to which family the Corn Blue-bottle belongs, a flower which is certainly one of the most beautiful of them, and perhaps the least common, for we had not met with it all the snmmer, except in gardens, until a few days ago, when extending our walk over some lofty chalk hills, where the soil is very poor, and in a very barren condition. There we found a field literally covered with them and the red poppy, the scarlet pimpernel, and other wild plants bearing diminutive flowers.

The Corn Blue-Bottle has for a long time been admitted into the garden, and worthily received the attention of the florist. Its florets have been greatly multiplied by his skill, and the colour of its petals so varied, that it is one of our chief favourites in the parterre, just as its kindred wild flower claims our distinguishing favour among the many others by which it is surrounded. They bloom alike from about the middle of June to the end of September, or, as in the present mild season,

until checked by frost. The brilliant blue of their outer florets cannot be imitated by art.

The slender stem of the Blue-Bottle rises to the height of two or three feet; it is angular, hollow, and much branched. The leaves are linear, without any serrature on the margins; the lower leaves are lanceolate and toothed; and their under sides, like the whole stem, are covered with a loose cottony down. It bears large solitary flowers at the ends of the branches, which are slightly swollen just below the involucrum. The florets of the centre are small, of reddish purple, and have black anthers.

The Blue-Bottle received the specific name Cyanus—so we read in ancient mythology — in memory of a youth, who spent his days in the fields of waving corn, weaving garlands of such flowers as he found there, so greatly did he admire them. This was his chief favourite, and its rich ultramarine blue was the standard colour which he desired to imitate in his clothing. The fable adds, that he was found lying in a corn-field, dead, surrounded by Blue-Bottles which he had heaped together, and that Flora, grateful for the veneration he had for her divinity, changed his body into the Centaurea Cyanus.

The Corn Blue-Bottle *(Centaurea Cyanus)* is a hardy annual plant; in the Linnæan system it belongs to the class *Syngenesia*, and order *Superflua*, and in the Natural system to the order *Cynarocephalæ*.

Of the other species of this flower, the brown radiant Knapweed *(C. Jacea)* holds the next place in point of attraction. It is found in Sussex and some parts of

Cambridgeshire, but is not at all general in England. The numerous florets of the ray are large and spreading, of a pale crimson colour, while those of the disk are darker coloured, and they have all a long narrow tube.

Next to this is the Black Knapweed *(C. nigra)*, with which the last is frequently confounded. The handsome flowers are large, growing solitary at the extremity of the branches. The florets are very numerous, and those of the ray are long, slender, and tubular, with a large, spreading, five-cleft limb; those of the disk being shorter, and chiefly dark purple. This species is much more common than the preceding one, on the borders of cornfields, and by road sides.

The Greater Knapweed (*C. Scabiosa*) is chiefly found on chalky soils, and not frequently met with elsewhere throughout the kingdom. It is very abundant in barren pastures and badly cultivated cornfields, and on the borders of fields. The flowers are large, bluish purple, and solitary at the ends of the branches. All the species are in flower from July to September.

SNAP-DRAGON.

Antirrhinum; *L.* Le muflier; *Fr.* Der dorant; *Ger.* Leeuwebeck; *Dutch.* Antirrino; *Ital., Sp.,* and *Port.*

Monastic Pile! ages have passed, since first
Thy firm foundations in the earth were laid,
By those whose faith was yet more firmly staid
On Him, Whose glory made thy founders thirst
To rear these walls, that here might be rehearsed
His wonders and His praise, from day to day,
By ardent minds, which here should learn the way
Of heavenly life; in holy thoughts immersed.
Firm was their faith—yet firmer is His word!—
That future ages would revere these walls,
That here, for aye, would holy truths be heard,
Error be eschewed, youth heed duty's calls.
Race after race of men have passed away
Since then, for they "abide not in one stay."

MS.

SUCH were the thoughts which came upon us, as we entered the monastic courts of one of the oldest colleges in our Universities, where we found the singular flower which we are now about to describe. Time-honoured courts are these, where for centuries the flower of British youth have congregated to hear the voice of wisdom; to acquire knowledge which had been accumulated by sages of old, and to the stores of which the most illustrious of these have from generation to generation added largely; while others, in succeeding ages, have spread the light of learning through the land, have taught the unlettered that "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace;" dispersed the errors of heathenism, driven away the superstitions of Romish priestcraft, checked the growth of a narrow-

minded sectarianism, and taught the purifying and ennobling truths of God's holy word, holding it before the people so as to become perpetually "a lantern unto their feet, and a light unto their paths;" such has been the mission of multitudes who have successively been trained in these "seminaries of sound learning and religious instruction," and nobly for the most part have they fulfilled it.

The Snap-dragon is one of those flowers which demand our attention on account of their remarkable form. There is something at first repulsive in the appearance of this flower; it seems as it were a caricature on the human face divine, and when the finger and thumb are applied at the base of the petals, so as to cause the lips to open, it requires no great stretch of the imagination to fancy that a double row of sharp teeth are about to become visible. We have observed children, on seeing this operation for the first time, instinctively shrink back and give utterance to a faint cry of alarm, and that not a little encouragement has been necessary to induce them to examine the flower more closely, and that they are scarcely to be prevailed upon to take the "frightful ogre" into their tiny hands; and many children of larger growth, such as are endowed with a keen perception of the ridiculous, have we seen amuse themselves with this flower, in noticing the variety of expression which their ingenuity could twist it into.

But we soon dismiss all notion of the ridiculous, when we come to consider the wonderful adaptation of the flower to the situations in which it naturally grows. We find it on the highest rocks, exposed to the full force of the *bleak winds* which rush across the exposed country around,

or shooting out of the crevices of the highest cliffs which bound the vast seas, or rooted in the chinks of the loftiest towers of aged castles and monastic ruins, where no friendly hill or sheltering tree shrouds it from the howling tempest. Yet in these situations, this frail flower, by the peculiar construction of its corolla, is enabled to perfect its seeds; for neither wind nor rain can obtain an entrance, until fructification has so far advanced as to render their access harmless—indeed, then, the mask, ugly enough to scare away the spirit of the north wind, and to deter that of the east wind from too near an approach, falls off, and courts the favourable and free caresses of the air upon the ripening seed vessel.

The humble bee is especially the gardener by whom this flower is propagated. As it flies in search of the nectareous fluid, all unconscious it bears the pollen to the flower where it will germinate; and by that peculiar faculty which we call instinct, it avails itself of the elasticity of the large blossoms of the Snap-dragon, and pressing open the lips, quickly gains admission, on which the mask immediately closes; and no sooner has it ravished the flower of all its sweetness, than it makes its exit with the same facility as it gained an entrance.

The Snap-dragon has a fibrous root, and throws out numerous stems, nearly erect, from twelve to twenty inches high. The leaves are lanceolate, scattered upon the stem, but opposite on the branches; they are smooth, and the upper surface is a dark green, while the under surface is paler. The flowers are produced in a spike, all fronting one way, towards the greatest light. The corolla is large, and is found of nearly every variety of colour, from rich orange and yellow down to white, with

like varieties in reds and purple; that with a gold coloured throat and dark crimson mouth and lips being most admired. It blooms from July to the end of September.

The Snap-dragon *(Antirrhinum majus)* was placed by Linnæus in the class *Didynamia*, and order *Angiosperma;* and in the Natural order *Scrophularineæ.*

There is one other indigenous species, the Lesser Snap-dragon *(A. orontium)*, which is not unfrequently found in light soils, in the south and south-east parts of the island. Its flowers, when compared with those of the former species, are insignificant.

Paternoster Row Dec.r 1841.

COMMON FURZE.

Ulex; *L.* Ajonc; *Fr.* Der europäische stechginster; *Ger.* Heybrem; *Dutch.* Aliaga; *Sp.* Tojo; *Port.* Tornblad; *Dan.*

> "The blossomed Furze,
> With golden baskets hung. Approach it not,
> For every flower has a troop of swords
> Drawn to defend it. It is the treasury
> Of fays and fairies."

As we pass over the sandy heaths and gravelly commons throughout the country, we are ever delighted with the bright golden hue of this flowering shrub, whose branches, decked with few leaves, but well supplied with a close phalanx of sharp rigid spines, are of a brilliant green, which shows off the flower to the greatest advantage. Almost everybody knows the pretty whin bush, which is seen blooming at all seasons of the year, though its principal time for flowering is the cheerful month of May.

It is said that Linnæus, when he visited this country, on seeing a heath covered with furze, fell on his knees enraptured at the sight; and Sir James Smith tells us, that he lamented that he could scarcely preserve the Furze alive through the winter in Sweden, even in a greenhouse. It is a shrub which is sooner destroyed by frost than almost any other of our native plants; but though in a night or two it may be embrowned and withered under the influence of a low temperature, yet should there be a change, even in autumn, to mildness, it soon becomes re-clad in bright verdure, producing at first a most singular appearance from the new verdure being mixed with that which has just previously withered

The Common Furze is furnished with a long root, which descends deeply into the soil. The shrub varies in height from two to six feet, and consists of a mass of thick and compact branches. The whole plant is green and rigid, and each branch is terminated by a stout spine, and clad on all sides with short prickly branchlets. The leaves are both few in number and small, lanceolate in form, slightly hairy, and soon fall away. The flowers are very numerous, generally growing solitary, from the axis of the lateral spines, sometimes in pairs. Their colour is a bright golden yellow; and they emit a peculiar odour, which is heavy and oppressive.

This shrub has ever been considered a harbour not only for game of various kinds, but for wild animals which man is always desirous to get rid of; and if we may depend upon a poet's fancy, we may conclude that, when England was in its infancy, Furze, which thus connects us with the past, aided the wolf not a little in sheltering itself from its pursuers.

> No furzy tuft, thicke wood, nor breake of thornes,
> Shall harbour wolfe, nor in this isle shall breed,
> Nor live one of that kind: if what's decreed
> You keep inviolate.
>
> BROWN.

And how friendly to the fox it has constantly been in protecting him from those who seek excitement in chasing him to the death! to a spot covered with this prickly plant, as one where the poor brute, which is to minister to the cruel sport of men endowed with immortal souls, and intellects capable of seeking more rational enjoyment, which would tend to augment their own happiness,

and the happiness of their fellow creatures,—to such a spot it is, that Somerville, in "The Chase," directs the huntsman to lead his many-coloured hounds.

> Then to the copse,
> Thick with entangling grass, or prickly furze,
> With silence lead thy many-coloured hounds,
> In all their beauty's pride.

And again, we find Gay, in his "Rural Sports," bringing before us some of the attendant sufferings which are common to hunting parties; we fancy we see the poor dogs bleeding and panting, while

> Wide through the furzy field their route they take,
> Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake.

This is not the place to discuss the question how far hunting is a legitimate source of enjoyment or pleasure; but we have a strong opinion that the result of a close argument fairly conducted, would be adverse to the indulgence in that pursuit as a means of personal gratification.

The Furze, however, is of far greater utility than that of affording an asylum for foxes and rabbits. It is used in different parts of England to make fences, both being planted and grown as hedges, and being cut and fixed in railings. It is, too, excellent fuel, soon furnishing a cheerful fire; and for this purpose it is cut and stored up for winter use. We have also frequently seen hovels consisting of a wooden frame work, with the interstices filled up with gorse, and a very suitable material it is for this purpose.

> With whins or with furzes, thy hovel renew,
> For turf and for sedge, for to bake and to brew.
>
> TUSSER.

The Common Furze (*Ulex Europæus*), Whin, or Gorse, is placed, in the Linnæan system, in the class *Diadelphia*, and order *Decandria;* and in the Natural system, in the order *Polygaleæ*.

There is one other indigenous species of Furze which is much less common than the preceding; namely, Dwarf Furze *(Ulex nanus)*, which, however, is sometimes found accompanying it. This has been concluded to be a mere variety by some botanists; but if we consider its far humbler growth, its altogether different habit, and its comparatively diminutive flowers, and add to these the constancy of the assumed specific characters to the two, we can hardly join in this conclusion.

THE WILD PANSY.

Immense Creator! Whose all powerful hand
Framed universal being, and Whose eye
Saw, like Thyself, that all things formed were good;
Where shall the timorous bard Thy praise begin,
Where end the purest sacrifice of song
And just thanksgiving?—
O, thrice illustrious! were it not for Thee,
Those pansies that, reclining from the bank,
View through the immaculate pellucid stream
Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
Might as well change their triple boast, the white,
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
The Eastern monarch's garb, e'en with the dock,
E'en with the baneful hemlock's irksome green.

SMART.

THE Wild Pansy, the tri-coloured violet of our cultivated lands, claims from us a large share of our admiration. As we roam through clover fields, we detect its pretty yellow, white, and purple petals, standing out from the mass of green, and again we find them very plentiful among the stubble in harvest, with their velvet-like corollas as beautiful and rich as in the early days of spring, when their beauty was, for the present season, quite fresh to us.

This pretty rustic is the origin of those splendid flowers which, tended by the florist's care, adorn our parterres with the rich deep tints of puple, maroon, yellow, and white, of every shade. If there be one indigenous flower which exemplifies more than another the effect of careful cultivation, it is this; and what is more, it is especially the poor man's flower, some of the finest *varieties having* been produced by the training and in-

dustrious attention of the artisan, in the smallest garden, and with means of the commonest kind that could possibly be used.

It is not our province here to point out the means by which the Pansy is brought to that state of perfection which renders it worthy of being called a "Florists' Flower," but to speak of the flower in its natural state, in which it is extremely variable, both with respect to the size of its flowers and their colours. It is, moreover, uncertain, whether the plant be annual, biennial, or triennial, its duration depending upon the circumstances attendant upon its growth. It has a small fibrous root, whence an erect stem ascends to the height of two to eight or ten inches, from which shoot out many branches in all directions; it is sometimes hairy and sometimes smooth; the leaves, which are egg-shaped, of varying proportions, grow on long footstalks. The flowers grow singly at the extremity of long footstalks. rising from between the axils of the leaves. The corolla is of various colours, the four upper petals are entire, the lower one broadest and heart-shaped, and marked from the base with simple or slightly-branched purple lines, the lateral ones having at their base a tuft of obtuse inflated hairs. Commonly the two upper petals are purple, the lower one yellow, and the two intermediate pale yellow, tipped more or less deeply with purple.

The name Pansy is evidently derived from the phrase "*Pensez a moi;*" in Hamlet, Shakspeare makes Ophelia say,

> Pray you love, remember,
> There's pansies, that's for thoughts.

And another poet asks,

> Are not pansies emblems meet for thoughts?
> The pure, the chequered—gay and deep by turns!
> A line for every mood the bright things wear
> In their soft velvet coats.

Milton, in Comus, mentions this flower by the name of pansy—

> The shepherds at their festivals
> Carol her good deeds, loud in rustic lays,
> And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,
> Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.

Also in Paradise Lost—

> Flowers were the couch
> Pansies and violets, and asphodel,
> And hyacinths, earth's freshest, softest lap.

Wordsworth, too,

> Pansies, lilies, king-cups, daisies,
> Let them live upon their praises.

Other poets introduce it into their verse as the Heart's-ease, but the origin of this name is wholly unknown. Thus—

> Heart's-ease every where doth spring
> When April birds are on the wing.

and Herrick—

> Frolic virgins once there were,
> Over loving living here;
> Being here their ends deny'd,
> Ran for sweethearts mad, and died.
>
> Love in pitie for their teares,
> And their loss in blooming yeares,
> For their restless here spent houres,
> Gave them Heart's-ease turned to flowres.

Leigh Hunt fancies the Heart's-ease to resemble a *beau*.

the garden's gem,
Heart's-ease, like a gallant bold,
In his cloth of purple and gold.

Mrs. Sheridan has given a poetical reason for its name, Heart's-ease, being changed into "Love in Idleness."

In gardens oft a beauteous flower there grows,
By vulgar eyes unnoticed and unseen;
In sweet security it humbly blows,
And rears its purple head to deck the green:

This flower, as nature's poet sweetly sings,
Was once milk-white, and heart's-ease was its name,
Till wanton Cupid poised its roseate wings,
A vestal's sacred bosom to inflame.

With treacherous aim the god his arrow drew,
Which she with icy coldness did repel;
Rebounding thence with feathery speed it flew,
Till on this lonely flower, at last, it fell.

Heart's-ease no more the wandering shepherd found;
No more the nymphs its snowy form possess;
Its white, now changed to purple by love's wound,
Heart's-ease no more,—'tis love in idleness.

We add the original, of which this is only a paraphrase. Shakspeare makes Oberon deliver the account in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The maiden referred to is generally supposed to have been Queen Elizabeth, to whom the author is thought to have intended it as a compliment.

That very time I saw
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votaress pass'd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purpled with love's wound,
And maidens call it Love-in-Idleness.

The Pansy *(Viola Tricolor)* has also received the names of Herb Trinity, Three Faces under a Hood, Flame Flower, Jump up and kiss me, Flower of Jove, Pink of my John, Forget me not, and others equally strange. It belongs to the Linnæan class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*, and to the Natural order *Violaceæ*.

THE CLOVE PINK.

Dianthus; *L.* L'œillet; *Fr.* Die nelke; *Ger.* Anjelier; *Dutch.* Garofano; *Ital.* Clavél; *Sp.* Cravino; *Port.* Gwozdika; *Russ.* Gozdzik; *Pol.*

In fair Italia's bosom born,
Dianthus spreads his fringed ray;
And glowing 'mid the purpled morn,
Adds fragrance to the new-born day.

Oft by some mould'ring time-worn tower,
Or classic stream he loves to rove,
Where dancing nymphs and satyrs blithe,
Once listened to the notes of love.

Sweet flower, beneath thy natal sky,
No favouring smiles thy scents invite;
To Britain's worthier regions fly,
And paint her meadows with delight.

SHAW.

THE author of the above lines seems to be of opinion that the Clove Pink is originally a native of the sunny land of Italy; how far he may be correct in that opinion it is not of sufficient importance to inquire, but one thing is certain, that though it has always been admitted into the British Flora, it is very generally supposed to have been imported and naturalized. It is most commonly found in this country, as in Italy, on old walls, and on the decaying fragments of ancient castles, especially in the county of Kent, as at Deal, Rochester, and Sandown. It is also said to have been found about Norwich. It flowers in July.

The flowers are very variable, both as to size and colour, but are generally of a pale pink, and not at all *remarkable* for beauty. The petals are five, somewhat *wedge-shaped*, and notched on the outer edge.

The root of the Clove Pink is ligneous and perennial, and is found running deeply into the old mortar, which is its favourite soil; many stems shoot out from the same root, and they are glaucous and smooth, throwing out longitudinal branches, at the extremity of which grows a solitary flower. The leaves are linear.

The main feature in the attractions of this flower is its delicious fragrance, a fragrance so highly pleasing to the botanist who named the genus, that he thought he might dedicate it to the honour of the chief god in the heathen mythology, called Zeus by the Greeks, and Jupiter or Jove by the Latins, so compounding the two words ἄνθος *flower*, and Διος *of Zeus*, he formed the generic name Dianthus, that is, the Flower of Jove; and to the flower under consideration has been given the specific name Caryophyllus, from the similarity of its scent to that of the Clove of commerce. Cowley thus refers to its generic name:—

> **Like that sweet flower that yields great Jove delight;**
> **Had he majestic bulk, he'd now be styled**
> **Jove's flower; and, if my skill is not beguiled,**
> **He was Jove's flower when Jove was but a child;**
> **Take him with many flowers in one conferred,**
> **He's worthy Jove, e'en now he has a beard.**

The Clove Pink is generally allowed to be the parent of the Carnation, which is so highly prized by all who delight in the cultivated garden. How widely the cultivated descendants of this simple flower differ from the stock from which they sprung, all can bear testimony, and many persons well acquainted with the fine double flowers of various colours which ornament the parterre, would *hesitate to* rely upon the statement, when told for

the first time that they originated in so insignificant a plant.

Few poets have woven the Pink in their productions, but we may suppose that this flower was one of those present to the mind of Campbell when he wrote the following lines in his verses on Field Flowers.

> Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
> Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June,
> Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
> Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
> When the magic of nature first breathed on my mind,
> And your blossoms were part of the spell.

Who that has rambled over the beautiful county of Kent, in the height of summer, cannot sympathize with the sentiments here expressed? No where do we find a greater variety of beautiful wild flowers than here; we cannot enumerate them, but we have often plucked them with delight when strolling over the fertile fields of this highly favoured spot.

Cowper introduces the Pink in a "Winter Nosegay," the result of the florist's care.

> What nature, alas! has denied
> To the delicate growth of our isle,
> Art has in a measure supplied,
> And winter is decked with a smile.
> See, Mary, what beauties I bring
> From the shelter of that sunny shed,
> Where the flowers have the charms of the spring,
> Though abroad they are frozen and dead.
>
> 'Tis a bower of Arcadian sweets,
> Where Flora is still in her prime,
> A fortress to which she retreats
> From the cruel assaults of the clime.

While earth wears a mantle of snow,
These pinks are as fresh and as gay
As the fairest and sweetest that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.

See how they have safely survived
The frowns of a sky so severe;
Such Mary's true love, that has lived
Through many a turbulent year.
The charms of the late-blowing rose
Seem graced with a livelier hue,
And the winter of sorrow best shows
The truth of a friend such as you.

There are some very pretty verses which have been translated from the German of Goëthe. They are called "The Song of the Captive." The Captive complains, that from his imprisoned tower a much loved flower cannot even be seen, and would appear to consider the want of it as one of the greatest privations incidental to his position. The rose first ventures to think itself the flower desired, but when the Captive replies in the negative, the lily forthwith claims the honour, but in vain; whereupon the pink says,

And dearer I, the pink must be,
And me thou sure dost choose,
Or else the gardener ne'er for me
Such watchful care would use;
A crowd of leaves enriching bloom,
And mine through life the sweet perfume,
And all the thousand hues.

To which the Captive replies—

The pink can no one justly slight,
The gardener's favourite flower;
He sets it now beneath the light,
Now shields it from its power.

> Yet 'tis not pomp, who o'er the rest
> In splendour shines, can make me blest;
> It is a still, small flower.

Then the violet claims the regard, but it is a still humbler flower than this which the Captive desires, the "Forget-me-not," which blooms on the banks of a neighbouring stream.

The Clove Pink *(Dianthus Caryophyllus)* called also the Carnation, and the Clove Gillyflower, is in the Linnæan class *Decandria*, and order *Digynia*, and in the Natural order *Caryophylleæ*.

THE PERIWINKLE.

Vinca; *L.* La pervenche; *Fr.* Das sinngrün; *Ger.* Maagdepalm; *Dutch.* Pervinca; *Ital.* and *Sp.* Congossa; *Port.* Barwinck; *Pol.* Singrön; *Dan.*

> Through primrose tufts in that sweet bower,
> The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
> And 'tis my faith that every flower
> Enjoys the air that breathes.
>
> WORDSWORTH.

THIS pretty flower is by no means common in a wild state, though occasionally found upon banks and in bushy places. In Devonshire it is, perhaps, more frequently met with than in any other county. Its fibrous roots throw out stems which are at first erect, but soon becoming long and wiry, they trail on the ground, and take root towards the extremities, and by these means the plant is propagated in every direction. The leaves are opposite, with short channeled footstalks; they are evergreen, very smooth and shining, and of a lanceolate egg shape. The flowers spring singly from the axils of the leaves, on long footstalks; the corolla is salver-shaped, and the tube widening above, the limb is cut into five oblique truncated segments, which are folded together spirally before the flower has expanded; it is in colour either a violet, purple, or white.

The Periwinkle cultivated in our gardens differs in no respect from that found in the fields. In a state of cultivation the leaves are sometimes variegated, and there is good reason for believing that the colour of the flower depends mainly upon the nature of the soil in which the plant is growing; for it has been determined by experi-

ment, that strong healthy plants, with fine smooth deep-green leaves, and bearing rich purple flowers, growing in a good soil, will, when removed to poor soil of a sandy or gravelly nature, change their leaves and become variegated, while the flowers, gradually losing their purple dye, grow paler, until in a year or two they are quite white; and it is presumed that if they were again transplanted to a rich soil, they would in due time resume their green livery, and put on their primitive blossoms of purple.

The Periwinkle is very useful for those parts of gardens where few flowers will grow; under the shade of trees, of lofty walls, or in more open places where the sun never comes, and almost in any atmosphere, this plant will thrive and put forth a succession of flowers nearly all the year round.

"It has long been the custom," says Dr. Deakin, in his valuable work, "Florigraphia Britannica," "amongst the peasantry in Italy, to wreathe the brow, and, indeed, the whole body of unmarried persons, both men and women, as well as children, with this plant, intermixing with it various other evergreens, and flowers of different kinds, forming gay garlands, and placing upon the breast a large bunch of the finest flowers that the season will afford; dressing, in fact, the whole body in a vegetable garment, composed of the richest productions of Flora that they can meet with. This practice is still followed especially amongst the peasantry in the province of Tuscany; and we think it most probable that the generic name of Vinca has been given to it from the circumstance of their using it to bind the bodies of their dead."

The name of this plant has been considered of doubt-

[illegible] Paternoster Row. Jany 1st [illegible].

ful etymology. It was called by the Anglo Saxons *perwince*. In Norman French it was called *pervinke*, as we learn from Chaucer.

> There sprang the violet all newe
> And fresh *pervinke*, rich of hewe,
> And flouris yellow, white, and rede;
> Such plente grew there nor in the mede.
>
> There lacked no floure to my dome,
> Ne not so moche as floure of brome,
> Ne violet, ne eke *pervinke*,
> Ne floure more that men can on thinke.

But the following quotation from Vossius, seems to set the matter at rest:—"Vinca *pervinca*, quia vireat semper, aerisque injurias *vincat* et *pervincat*." Vinca *pervinca*, because it is always green, and overcomes the injuries of the weather;—from which we conclude that its name has been given to it on account of its always resisting the effects of the weather; and that by some peculiarities in the mode of pronouncing the word *pervinca*, it has become periwinkle.

Where the soil is favourable, the Periwinkle forms with its stems and leaves a perfect matting upon the surface of the earth, a circumstance observed and alluded to by Smith—

> O'er Vinca's matted leaves below,
> The orchis race with varied beauty charm,
> And mock the exploring bee or fly's aerial form.

The fact mentioned in the quotation is well known to the experienced gardener, for this plant thrives even under the drip of trees or the eaves of houses, and Hurdis did not fail to notice this in his pleasing poetry.

where blooms now
The king-cup or the daisy? where inclines
The harebell or the cowslip? where looks gay
The vernal furze, with golden baskets hung?
Where captivates the sky-blue periwinkle,
Under the cottage eaves?"

In the "Sentiment of Flowers," the Periwinkle has been made the emblem of Sweet Remembrances. This sentiment was given to the flower from its being the means of bringing to remembrance, after a lapse of thirty years, some of the most pleasurable incidents in the life of a celebrated French writer, with which it had been associated. In the "Bouquet des Souvenirs," these flowers are made to say—

Emblems are we of joy or woe,
And tender recollections glow,
Inspired by our name;
Our glossy leaves with flowers entwined,
Were made the bridal robe to bind
In days of ancient fame.

And we are also "flowers of death,"
The mourning mother weaves a wreath
Of our dark shining sprays;
She twines it round the lovely head,
Ere in its cold and silent bed
Her child she sadly lays.

Whene'er our blossomed stars you view,
Bethink you of life's changing hue,
How joy and sorrow blend;
That though thy cup may now flow o'er,
Anguish may wring thy heart, before
Life's fitful day shall end.

The Lesser Periwinkle *(Vinca minor)* is in the Lin-

nœan class *Pentandria*, and order *Monogynia*, and in the Natural order *Apocyneæ*.

The Greater Periwinkle *(Vinca major)* is a more common plant than the above, growing in woods and groves, but it is generally believed to have been naturalized.

SAFFRON CROCUS.

Crocus; *L.* Le safran; *Fr.* Die safranpflanze; *Ger.* Saffran; *Dutch.* Zafferano; *Ital.* Azafran; *Sp.* Agafrao; *Port.* Zatiphra; *Arab.* Schafran; *Russ.* Szafran; *Pol.*

In March the vernal Crocus springs,
The harbinger of brighter skies;
And consolation sweet it brings,
Then cheering us with glad surprise.

One of its tribe, an autumn flower,
The Saffron Crocus, spreads its bloom,
Mindful of the chilling power,
Of fogs, of frost, and winter's gloom.

MS.

THE genus to which this pretty flower belongs, has for centuries received the attention of those who delight in a garden, on account of their ornamental character. Like the generality of flowers which have become favourites of the florist and the cultivator, the different species have been subdivided into numerous varieties, so that we are frequently unable to find characters for them. The texture of the root coats is thought to be the best test of affinity.

The flowers and leaves of this plant rise amidst a series of membranous sheaths from a solid depressed bulb, which is covered with thin brown reticulated fibro-membranous coats. The leaves, which are longer than the flower, are radical and linear, and are enveloped at their base in a thin white sheath, and above are of a dark green, with a stripe of white along the middle. The flower is of a lilac or violet-colour. The stamens are

shorter than the corolla, but the style is about the same length. The stigma is of a rich orange colour, and fragrant.

The Saffron Crocus, we are told, was first introduced into England during the reign of the third Edward, and was then cultivated at Walden, in Essex, which place became subsequently known as Saffron Walden, from the fact that it was chiefly grown there. It was also cultivated in the counties of Cambridge, Suffolk, and Hereford, in the early part of the seventeenth century. It is the saffron of commerce, the stigmata, the only fragrant parts of the flowers, being alone used; and for the purpose of procuring these, the plant is still grown to a considerable extent at Saffron Walden and Stapleford, Essex. The flowers are gathered at an early part of the day in September, when the stigmata, and a portion of the styles are carefully picked out of the flowers; these are then dried upon a kiln, under a pressure, to form cake saffron; or loosely, and then it is called hay saffron. The virtue of saffron is supposed to reside in a peculiar extractive principle called "polychroite." Among the ancients it was considered to be a most efficacious remedy, by reason of its stimulating properties, but in modern practice it is found to possess few sensible qualities, beyond the orange colour which it imparts to water, alcohol, and other fluids. In addition to the localities previously mentioned, Saffron is found naturalized about Halifax and Derby.

The following quaint extract from Hollinshed's Chronicles relates how the name of Crocus became applied to this flower:—

A certaine young gentleman, called Crocus, went to

plaie at coits in the field with Mercurie, and being heedlesse of himselfe, Mercurie's coit happened by mishap to hit him on the head, whereby he received a wound that yer long killed him altogether, to the great discomfort of his friends. Finallie, in the place where he bled, saffron was after found to grow, wherevpon the people seeing the colour of the chiue as it stood, (although I doubt not but it grew there long before,) adjudged it to come of the blood of Crocus, and therefore they gave it his name.

The Saffron Crocus (*Crocus sativus*) is in the Linnæan class *Triandria* and order *Monogynia*, and in the Natural order *Irideæ*.

PHEASANT'S EYE.

Adonis; *L.* Adonide; *Fr.* Die Adonisblume, *or* adonisrose; *Ger.* Adonisbloem; *Dutch.* Flore d'Adono; *Ital.* Adonis; *Sp.* and *Port.*

> Look, in the garden blooms the flos adonis,
> And memory keeps of him who rashly died,
> Thereafter changed by Venus, weeping, to this flower.
>
> ANON.

THE beautiful flower which we are now about to describe is so diminutive that it frequently escapes notice, concealed by its own compact feathery foliage, or by the mass of clover or corn among which it most commonly grows. It is rarely seen by the indifferent pedestrian, who seeks health from the free air of the country in this exercise of his physical powers. The observant rambler, however, looks with piercing eye to the right and left of his path, in search of the retiring beauties of our smaller wild flowers, and not seldom, from the merry month of May to the wintry month of November,—a month proverbial for its gloom, a month when the weather-wise are least able to fortel what may be the features of the coming day in this respect,—will he find the rich red-purple flower of Adonis blooming in all its beauty.

There is a reference in the above anonymous lines to the mythological story concerning Venus and Adonis, whose name has been applied to the genus. The fable, as related by various ancient authors, is told in different ways, but all concur in this, that Adonis grew up a most beautiful youth, and that Venus loved him, and shared with him the pleasures of the chase, always cautioning

him to beware of the wild beasts; notwithstanding, having wounded a boar, the animal turned upon him in its fury, and killed him. Some traditions allege that Mars or Apollo assumed the form of a boar, and thus slew Adonis. The intelligence of his being wounded having been communicated to Aphrodite, (a Greek name of Venus, referring to the fable which asserted that goddess to have been born from the froth of the ocean,) she hastened to the spot where he lay, and sprinkled nectar into his blood, from which immediately flowers sprung up. Such is the fabulous origin of the *flos* Adonis, the flower of Adonis, a name given to the plant which we have placed in our group.

The flower is a great favourite with the French, and their poets have delighted to refer to the tragic end of the youth whose memory it perpetuates; we shall quote a few lines from La Fontaine.

Je n'ai jamais chanté que l'ombrage des bois,
Flore, Echo, les Zéphyrs et leurs molles haleines,
Le vert tapis des prés et l'argent des fontaines.
C'est parmi les forêts qu'a vécu mon héros;
C'est dans les bois qu'amour a troublé son repos.
Ma muse en sa faveur de myrte s'est parée;
J'ai voulu célébrer l'amant de Cythérée,
Adonis, dont la vie eut termes si courts,
Qui fut pleuré des Ris, qui fut plaint des Amours.

We cannot refrain from transferring to our pages the beautiful lines by Keats, wherein the couch of Adonis is described in sweetest poetry, enriched by the flowers with which the author has chosen to adorn it.

A chamber, myrtle-wall'd, embowered high,
Full of light, incense, tender minstrelsy,
And more of beautiful and strange beside:
For on a silken couch of rosy pride,

In midst of all there lay a sleeping youth
Of fondest beauty; fonder, in fair sooth,
Than sighs could fathom, or contentment reach;
And coverlids gold-tinted like the peach,
Or ripe October's faded marigolds,
Fell sleek about him in a thousand folds—
Not hiding up an Apollonian curve
Of neck and shoulder, nor the tenting swerve
Of knee from knee, nor ankle's pointing light,
But rather, giving them to the filled sight
Officiously. Sideway his face reposed
On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed,
By tenderest pressure, a faint damask mouth
To slumbery pout, just as the morning south
Disparts a dew-lipped rose. Above his head
Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
To make a coronal; and round him grew
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
Together intertwined, and tramelled fresh:
The vine of glossy sprout; the ivy mesh,
Shading its Ethiop berries; and woodbine,
Of velvet leaves, and bugle-blooms divine;
Convolvulus in streaked vases flush;
The creeper, mellowing for an autumn blush;
And virgin's bower, trailing airily;
With others of the sisterhood. Hard by,
Stood serene Cupids watching silently.
One, kneeling to a lyre, touched the strings,
Muffling to death the pathos with his wings;
And, ever and anon, uprose to look
At the youth's slumber; while another took
A willow bough, distilling odorous dew,
And shook it on his hair; another flew
In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
Rained violets upon his sleeping eyes.

No doubt the flower is named after this Adonis, but whether or not it be the same as that which the ancients designated by the name, we are not able to determine. The French sometimes call it "Goutte de sang," from the deep blood-red hue of its flowers. It is a native of our corn fields, and was noticed by Gerard two hundred and fifty years ago as growing wild in the western parts

of England, from whence he obtained seed, and sowed it in his garden, for the sake of the beauty of the flower.

Though not a common flower, yet it is found often about London, and in Kent, by the side of the Medway, between Rochester and Maidstone, and in other parts of England; about Glasgow, in Scotland; and in the neighbourhood of Dublin.

The plant is rarely met with among spring corn, but if after the harvest the field remain undisturbed until the succeeding year, the plants will appear in abundance, from which we may infer, that the proper season for sowing its seeds is autumn.

This plant has a tapering root, with branched fibres. Its stem is branched, and grows to the height of a foot. The stems are alternate, the flowers solitary, terminating the branches; the petals bright scarlet; the anthers crimson or purple.

The Pheasant's Eye *(Adonis autumnalis)*, so called from its resmblance to the beautiful eye of that bird, is placed in the Linnæan class *Polyandria*, and order *Polygynia*, and in the Natural order *Ranunculaceæ*.

THE FOXGLOVE.

Digitalis; *L.* La digitale; *Fr.* Der fingerhut; *Ger.* Vingerhoed; *Dutch.* Digitale; *Ital.* Dijital; *Sp.* Digital; *Port.* Naperstok; *Russ.*

How fair the Foxglove blooms with purple bells,
Upon the grassy banks of rustic ways,
Or on the sloping sides of sunny dells,
Which Flora with her treasures rich arrays.

MS.

THE Foxglove is a special favourite with us, and, consequently, we never meet with it in our rustic peragrations without experiencing a sensation of pleasure. Of all our indigenous herbaceous plants, it is perhaps the most beautiful as well as the most stately in its appearance. Its simple erect stem grows to the height of from three to four feet, and is furnished with large, somewhat egg-shaped lanceolate leaves, and at its summit the beautiful bell-shaped flowers grow in a raceme. The flowers are numerous and large, hanging pendent from the stem by short footstalks, generally of a rich deep purple, paler inside, and spotted; sometimes they are of a pure white. In June and July the Foxglove is in its greatest beauty.

The stateliness of the plant and the beauty of its flowers has gained for the Foxglove admission into pleasure grounds and shrubberies; in the latter, the variety with white flowers has an exceedingly pleasing effect, from the contrast with the deep green hue of the leaves on the surrounding shrubs.

This magnificent plant is abundant in dry, hilly, or rocky, and subalpine districts throughout the kingdom,

in waste and uncultivated places; it is not common in lower situations, and is seldom met with in the eastern counties of England; it is frequently found in parts of Yorkshire, and is one of the flowers which Carrington prizes, among the flora of Devonshire. It is, we learn from him, a common flower on the wide waste of Dartmoor.

> With a chilling aspect rise,
> The rocks—of iron hue,—yet has the hand
> Of Nature, e'en on them, thus frowning, flung
> Enchanting forms. "As pearls upon the arm
> Of the jet Ethiop," looking fairer still
> From their alliance, so the snow-white moss
> Has fixed itself upon the cliff, and seems
> More white, more beautiful, more spotless, placed
> On horror's sable brow. The graceful broom
> Waves its transparent gold; the pensive fern,
> In the least stir of the inconstant breeze,
> Bends its light plume. Upon the sunny bank
> The foxglove rears its pyramid of bells,
> Gloriously freckled—purpled and white—the flower
> That cheers Devonia's fields—and, by its side,
> Another, that, in her maternal clime,
> Scarce shuts its eye on austral suns, and wakes
> And smiles on winter oft,—the primrose,—hailed
> By all who live.

The Foxglove claims our gratitude as well as our admiration, for it possesses very useful and powerful medicinal properties, which were discovered by the celebrated Dr. Withering, a physician whose name is as renowned in the annals of botany as in those of medicine. These properties, however, are so deleterious, that the drug, which is a powder obtained by the pulverization of its dried leaves, can only be safely administered by a skilful *physician*. We may say of it, as Horace said of South-

ernwood *(Abrotanum)*, a popular medicine among the Romans, that no one dares to give it to a sick person, but the man who has learnt how to do so,

> **ægro**
> **Non audet, nisi qui didicit, dare: quod medicorum est,**
> **Promittunt medici;**

in fact, Foxglove is decidedly poisonous, and death has sometimes been caused by the indiscreet use of this plant by the ignorant.

The size of our page renders it impossible for the artist to do full justice to the magnificent raceme of this flower.

The Foxglove *(Digitalis purpurea)*, which seems to have derived its generic name from the resemblance of the flower to a thimble, belongs to the Linnæan class *Didynamia* and order *Angiospermia*, and to the Natural order *Scrophularineæ*.

MOUSE-EAR HAWKWEED.

Hieracium: *L.* L'epervière: *Fr.* Das habichtskraut; *Ger.* Haviks-kruid: *Dutch.* Ieracia; *Ital.* Hieracio, *Sp.* and *Port.*

It has been remarked that the prevailing colour of our commonest indigenous flowers is yellow. When we say commonest, we by no means intend to convey a notion of inferiority, but to refer to their greater abundance. Thus we have the several species of Buttercup, Spear-wort, Goat's-beard, Primrose, Cowslip, and innumerable others, among which, few deserve our admiration more than the different species of Hawkweed, though less familiarly known. We shall just contrast with the prevalence of yellow, a colour admirably adapted to stand out from the rich verdure of our pasture lands and green lanes, the scarcity of scarlet, which is confined to two flowers, the scarlet poppy and the scarlet pimpernel; the comparatively small number of blue flowers, and of the various shades of red, from the pale dianthus to the deep red of the pheasant's-eye; not forgetting that the colour of the wild rose is almost, if not altogether, unique.

Mouse-ear Hawkweed being one of those flowers which opens and closes at stated hours of the day, we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity of referring to the "Horologium Floræ." This was first arranged by Linnæus, whose devoted attachment to the study of botany led him to observe the sensibility of plants. This horologe is given in his "Philosophia Botanica," and furnishes us with a list of those flowers which unfold their petals at a certain hour, and again close them at a stated hour. Of twenty-four of these, extracted

from the late lamented Mr. Loudon's Encyclopædia of Gardening, is given in the "Sentiment of Flowers," with the times of their opening and closing in England. In some very pretty verses, Smith has also given us the names of the more generally known flowers which exhibit this faculty.

See Hieracium's* various tribe,
Of plumy seed and radiate flowers,
The course of time their blooms describe,
And wake and sleep appointed hours.

Broad o'er its imbricated cup,
The goat's-beard spreads its golden rays,
But shuts its cautious petals up,
Retreating from the noontide blaze.

Pale as a pensive cloistered nun,
The Bethlehem star her face unveils,
When o'er the mountains peers the sun,
But shades it from the vesper gales.

Among the loose and arid sands,
The humble arenaria † creeps;
Slowly the purple star expands,
But soon within its calyx sleeps.

But those small bells so lightly rayed
With young Aurora's rosy hue,
Are to the noontide sun displayed,
But shut their plaits against the dew.

On upland slopes the shepherd's mark
The hour, when, as the dial true,
Cichorium ‡ to the towering lark
Lifts her soft eyes serenely blue.

And thou, "wee crimson tipped flower,"
Gatherest thy fringed mantle round
Thy bosom at the closing hour,
When night-drops bathe the turfy ground.

* *Hawkweed.* † Sandwort. ‡ Wild Succory.

Unlike silene,* who declines
The garish noontide's blazing light;
But when the evening crescent shines,
Gives all her sweetness to the night.

Thus in each flower and simple bell,
That in our path untrodden lie,
Are sweet remembrances, which tell
How fast their winged moments fly.

Mrs. Hemans also wrote some very beautiful lines on Linnæus's Dial of Flowers, but we have not space to quote them here.

There are no less than eighteen indigenous species of Hawkweed, of which the Mouse-ear Hawkweed is certainly the prettiest.

This species is furnished with a tapering, ligneous root, from which rises a short stem, throwing out prostrate creeping scions, from four to six inches in length. The leaves are blunt lanceolate. The flower grows solitary at the extremity of the scape, and the beautifully shaped florets are of a pale lemon colour, the outside ones having a crimson stripe at the back. The whole plant is very variable in its appearance, sometimes being nearly smooth, at others covered with a sort of woolly hair. It grows on banks, open pastures, road-side banks, nay, almost every where, and is very frequent from May to late in the autumn.

The Mouse-ear Hawkweed *(Hieracium pilosella)* belongs to the Linnæan class *Syngenesia*, and order *Æqualis*, and to the Natural order *Cichoraceæ*,

* Catchfly.

MEZEREON.

Mezereon too,
Though leafless, well attired, and thick beset,
With blushing wreaths, investing every spray.
COWPER.

In the mythological stories of the ancients, we read that Daphne was extremely beautiful, and that Apollo having become enamoured of her, pursued her, and was on the point of overtaking her, when the fair maiden called upon her mother Ge for protection. The goddess opened the earth and received her, and in order to console Apollo, she created the evergreen laurel-tree, of the boughs of which Apollo made himself a wreath. Such is the account given of the origin of the laurel-tree, and the name Daphne has been given to the genus, to which this pretty shrub belongs.

In the woods of the Midland and Southern Counties of England, the branches of the Mezereon, yet free from leaves, may be met with in the month of March, having pretty pink or rose-coloured flowers upon them, growing in clusters of three, at short distances along the whole branch. The flowers are sessile in the axes of the last year's leaves.

The whole shrub is erect, and forms a bush varying in height from three to five feet. The fruit is a round berry, of one cell, scarlet, or sometimes orange colour, contrasting strongly with the light green of the leaves, so long as they are allowed to remain, which is for a very brief space, some birds being very partial to them.

The *leaves*, which do not appear till some time after

the flowers, are numerous and scattered, lanceolate and wedge-shaped, growing on short footstalks, and about two inches long; being of a pale green colour.

The bark both of the stems and roots of the Mezereon have long afforded a stimulating decoction, used for various medicinal purposes. A peculiar principle has been obtained from it by Vanqueline, a French chemist, which he calls *Daphnin*, which has been for a long period in use as a remedy for tooth-ache and other purposes. The berries were considered by Linnæus to be of a highly poisonous nature. The bark is also used in the South of Europe to impart a yellow dye.

The Mezereon has long ago obtained an introduction to the flower garden, and is an especial favourite with the humble cottager who may have a small spot of ground attached to his well-thatched cottage, upon the whitewashed walls of which, and round the latticed window, we see the bright green branches of Jasmine, and of Honeysuckle, and of Roses, trained with care, and as the seasons revolve in their ceaseless course, one after another, these shrubs cheer with their flowers and their fragrance the hearts of the toiling peasant and his family. To such the Mezereon brings the remembrance of the first link in the train of changing days and seasons, and in imagination they see the succession of flowers blooming before them for the coming year. Moments of joy are these to them; for the peasantry delight in the open air and the sunshine, and the choral music of the birds, as they sing their varied notes in woodland and in grove; the glorious sun as he rises amid silvery clouds, or sets beneath the golden-tinted *sky, animates* them with unspeakable pleasure.

The fair authoresses of the "Bouquet des Souvenirs" in a few lines record the fact, that this flower affords gratification to all on its first appearance in the season.

Thou hast thy wish; all love to see
Thy simple bloom, Mezereon tree;
The thrush his sweetest minstrelsy
Is pouring forth to welcome thee;
Thy store of sweets, the early bee
Hath sought with ready industry;
And prizing much thy beauty, we
Are come to greet thee joyously.

Long shalt thou hold thy gentle sway;
For when thy wreaths must fade away
Beneath the Summer's scorching ray,
Thy stems shall glow in vesture gay
With scarlet berries, rich array.
Please then, fair plant, through many a day,
Till winter stern thy doom shall say,
Whose voice the fairest must obey.

We are now writing in the middle of December, and the weather is so mild, that we see growing in the open air the Primrose, and the Forget-me-not, and the Garden Anemone; an extraordinary season certainly, but not unprecedented, as we may infer from the circumstance, that the following lines were written by Mrs. Tighe, on receiving in December a branch of Mezereon covered with flowers.

Odours of Spring, my sense ye charm
With fragrance premature,
And, 'mid these days of dark alarm,
Almost to hope allure.
Methinks with purpose soft ye come,
To tell of brighter hours,
Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,
Her sunny gales and showers.

Alas! for me shall May in vain
The powers of life restore;
These eyes, that weep and watch in pain,
Shall see her charms no more.
No, no, this anguish cannot last!
Beloved friends, adieu!
The bitterness of death were past
Could I resign but you.

Oh! ye who soothe the pangs of death
With love's own patient care,
Still, still retain this fleeting breath,
Still pour the fervent prayer.
And ye, whose smiles must greet my eye
No more, nor voice my ear,
Who breathe for me the tender sigh,
And shed the pitying tear;

Whose kindness (though far, far removed)
Thy grateful thoughts perceive;
Pride of my life—esteemed, beloved,
My last sad claim receive!
Oh, do not quite your friend forget—
Forget alone her faults;
And speak of her with fond regret,
Who asks your lingering thoughts.

The Mezereon *(Daphne Mezereum)* is placed in the Linnæan class *Octandria* and order *Monogynia*, and in the Natural order *Thymeleæ*.

MONK'S-HOOD.

Aconitum; *Tournfort.* L'aconit; *Fr.* Der sturmhut; *Ger.* Monnikskappen; *Dutch.* Aconito; *Ital., Sp.,* and *Port.*

> And such is man—a soil that breeds
> Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds;
> Flowers, lovely as the morning light,—
> Weeds, deadly as the Aconite.
>
> BOWRING.

We have introduced the Monk's-hood here, rather on account of the singular form of the flower, than from any high regard for its beauty. It is said to be a native of the woody and mountainous parts of France, Germany, and Switzerland, but has been naturalized for so long a period, and is found in so many localities, that it long ago obtained a place in the English Flora. It is also very extensively cultivated in gardens, especially cottage gardens, and truly it is a very showy plant, for it rises with erect stem to the height of four feet and more, and towards the top of the stem the flowers grow thickly in a sort of spike or cluster. They are very numerous, of a dingy purple colour, and without fragrance.

Each flower is composed of five irregular petals, having a pretty close resemblance to a man's head, with a hood, or helmet on it. The upper petal represents the hood or helmet; the two lower ones stand for that part which covers the jaw, and the two wings conceal the temples.

The part of the stem below the spike of flowers is furnished with an abundance of leaves, placed alternately, cut into many wedge-shaped lobes and linear segments, dark green on the upper side, and of a pale *green below.*

The Monk's-hood, or Wolf's-bane, as it is also called, is a poisonous plant, as are all the rest of its family in a greater or less degree. They are indeed considered as the most powerful vegetable poisons known, and were regarded with terror and awe by the ancients. Virgil considered it a cause of congratulation, that the plant was not indigenous to Italy; Dryden thus translates the lines, which are in the second Georgic.

> Our land is from the rage of tigers freed,
> Nor nourishes the lion's angry seed;
> Nor poisonous Aconite is here produced,
> Or grows unknown, or is (when known) refused.

The ancients were unacquainted with chemical poisons, and regarding the Aconite as possessing more deadly properties than any other known vegetable, they attributed the invention of it to Hecate, who produced it from the foam of Cerberus, when dragged by Hercules from the dismal dominions of Pluto; as we read in Ovid, translated by Sandys.

> And now arrives unknown, Ægeus's seed,
> Who great in name, had two-sea'd isthmus freed;
> Whose undeserved ruin Medea sought
> By mortal Aconite, from Sythia brought;
> This from the Echidnean dog dire essence draws.
> There is a blind steep cave, with foggy jaws,
> Through which the bold Tyrinthian hero strained,
> Dragged Cerberus, with adamant enchained;
> Who backward hung, and scowling, looked askew
> On glorious day, with anger rabid grew;
> Thrice howls, thrice barks, at once with his three heads,
> And in the grass his foaming poison sheds.
> This sprung; attracting from the fruitful soil
> Dire nourishment, and power of deathful spoil.
> *The rural swains*, because it takes delight
> *In barren rocks*, surnamed it Aconite.

The juice of this plant is said to have been used to poison arrows with, when required in the pursuit of wild animals, or in conflict against a human foe.

Although the properties of Monk's-hood are naturally so injurious, yet the skill of the educated and judicious physician has been able to apply it in various ways, to the relief of some of the many ills that flesh is heir to; being administered with beneficial effect internally, and also used in the form of an ointment for the relief of local pains.

There are several species of the Aconite, many of them highly ornamental to the garden and shrubbery, and not the least agreeable of these is the winter Aconite *(Eranthus originalis)*, which blooms in January, to which the following anonymous lines have been addressed:—

Ere thy sisters fair are waking,
Deep in earth's dark bosom sleeping;
Ere the chains of winter breaking
Loose the streams their might is keeping.

With a smile that well had greeted
Light, and song, and Summer bower,
On the sheltering calyx seated,
Shines thy yellow-petaled flower.

Gem of Winter! quickly faded,
Early loved and early lost,
Type of joy too quickly shaded!
Of earth's children tempest tost.

Still, from thee a lesson learning,
Let us choose the fitting hour
To soothe, to cheer,—nor less discerning
Prove than winter's simple flower.

The Monk's-hood *(Aconitum Napellus)* is found wild *in the following* localities: on the banks of the

Teme, in the county of Hereford; in great abundance by the side of a stream at Ford, in Somersetshire, and at intervals along the banks as far as Wolverton, a distance of three miles; below the bridge at Staverton, Devonshire; near Mylor bridge, in Cornwall; and in different parts of Denbighshire. It is a perennial plant, blooming in June, July, and August, and even later; it belongs to the Linnæan class *Polyandria* and order *Dipentagynia*, and to the Natural order *Ranunculaceæ*.

THE SPRING CROCUS.

Say, what impels, amidst surrounding snow
Congealed, the Crocus' lilac bud to blow?
Say, what retards, amidst the summer blaze,
Th' autumnal bulb, till pale, declining days?
The God of Seasons,—Whose pervading power
Controls the sun, or sheds the fleecy shower;
He bids each flower His quickening power obey,
Or to each lingering bloom enjoins delay.

WHITE.

We have previously described the autumnal Crocus, and we now come to the pretty Spring Crocus, which tends so much to enliven the early days of the opening year. The numerous varieties which adorn the earth in our gardens from February to April, are well known to most of us, being, as they are, with the Snowdrop, almost the only flower that ventures to put forth its tender petals ere frost and snow have receded before the increasing power of the vernal sun; and all of us are conscious of pleasurable sensations when we look upon their white, grey, and golden petals, caused, not so much by the beauty of the flowers, as by the passing of the imagination over coming days to the delightful and life-restoring Spring.

The purple Spring Crocus *(Crocus vernus)* differs but little indeed from the Saffron Crocus, except as to the season of its blooming. Its leaves are shorter and broader, and the stigma, which is erect and without fragrance, remains within the flower. The segments of the flower and the tube of the corolla are thickly set with pellucid hairs. This species is not by any means a common *flower, its* principal locality being the meadows

about Nottingham, between the castle and the silvery Trent. There it has increased to a great extent, and in the month of March it covers a great number of acres with a rich mantle of a bright purple colour. When the flower has ceased blooming, the leaves grow larger, and contribute to the nourishment of the fruit and future bulbs.

As the other members of this family, which are either indigenous, or have been so long naturalized as to gain for them a place in the British Flora, are all pretty flowers, we shall notice them as being worthy of the attention of our readers.

The Lesser gold-coloured Crocus *(C. aureus)*, has small golden yellow-coloured flowers, rarely marked at the top of the tube with blue lines, two and sometimes more on one root. The leaves are produced with the flower and are shorter than it, until the corolla has decayed, when they become much longer. This species grows apparently wild in Sir H. Banbury's park, at Barton Hall, Suffolk, and flowers in March.

The small annular-rooted Crocus (*C. præcox)*, bears a pretty little flower nearly white, having its outer segments beautifully marked with three feathered violet-coloured stripes. There is seldom more than one flower springing from a root, and it is accompanied with leaves. The root coats divide into rings at the base, perfectly regular and extremely neat. It is supposed that it may be a diminutive variety of the Scotch, or Cloth-of-Silver Crocus; and that the least purple Crocus (*C. minimus*) of Redouté is only another variety.

The naked flowering Crocus *(C. nudiflorus)* is another *species of* much beauty, flowering in Autumn, but some-

what smaller than the Saffron Crocus. The leaves of this species do not make their appearance until the flowers are out of bloom, when they shoot forth and continue until the succeeding April or May, at which time the seed is ripe. It grows in the neighbourhood of Nottingham Castle; and it is said to be the same as the showy autumnal Crocus *(C. speciosus)* which is found about Warrington and Halifax. The plant is increased by long scaly runners, which are peculiar to the species.

In the records of mythology, the name of this flower is derived from a handsome youth named Crocus, the friend of Smilax, who was changed into the saffron flower, having been first consumed by the ardency of unrequited affection. But some writers have supposed that its name is taken from Coriscus, a city and mountain in Cilicia. It is mentioned by Homer as one of those flowers which composed the couch of Zeus.

> **Crocus and Smilax may be turned to flowers,**
> **And the Curetes spring from bounteous showers;**
> **I pass a hundred legends stale as these,**
> **And with sweet novelties your taste will please.**
>
> OVID.

How frequently do we find that flowers with which the most pleasing feelings are commonly associated, are by the poets allied with sensations of sadness and gloom, who seem to colour the objects they look upon with hues derived from their own feelings, rather than with those the subjects naturally suggest. Thus Patterson, after alluding to the cheering influence of the Crocus, draws from it suggestions of the fading character of human hopes, and the uncertainty of human friendships.

Lowly, sprightly, little flower!
Herald of a brighter bloom,
Bursting in a sunny hour
From thy wintry tomb.

Hues you bring, bright, gay, and tender,
As if never to decay;
Fleeting in their varied splendour—
Soon, alas! it fades away.

Thus the hopes I long had cherished,
Thus the friends I long had known,
One by one, like you have perished,
Blighted—I must fade alone.

Bernard Barton, in his address "to a Crocus" growing up and blossoming beneath a wall-flower, makes it the emblem of hope, and is reminded by it of the circumstance of the dove returning to the ark bearing a green leaf, after the subsiding of the waters of the Deluge.

Welcome, wild harbinger of Spring!
To this small nook of earth;
Feeling and fancy fondly cling
Round thoughts which owe their birth
To thee, and to the humble spot
Where chance has fixed thy lowly lot.

To thee, for thy rich golden bloom,
Like heaven's fair bow on high,
Portends, amid surrounding bloom,
That brighter hours draw nigh,
When blossoms of more varied dyes
Shall ope their tints to warmer skies.

Yet not the lily nor the rose,
Though fairer far they be,
Can more delightful thoughts disclose
Than I derive from thee:
The eye their beauty may prefer;
The heart is thy interpreter!

Methinks in thy fair flower is seen,
By those whose fancies roam,
An emblem of that leaf of green
The faithful dove brought home,
When o'er the world of waters dark
Were driven the inmates of the ark.

That leaf betokened freedom nigh
To mournful captives there;
Thy flower foretells a summer sky,
And chides the dark despair,
By winter's chilling influence flung,
O'er spirits sunk, and nerves unstrung.

And sweetly has kind nature's hand
Assigned thy dwelling-place
Beneath a flower whose blooms expand,
With fond congenial grace
On many a desolated pile,
Brightening decay with beauty's smile.

Thine is the flower of hope, whose hue
Is bright with coming joy;
The wall-flower's that of faith, too true
For ruin to destroy;—
And where, O! where should hope up-spring,
But under faith's protecting wing.

MARSH MARYGOLD.

Caltha; *L.* Le populage; *Fr.* Die sumpf-dotterblume; *Ger.* Moer assig geelbloem; *Dutch.* Sposa del sole; *Ital.* Hierba centella; *Sp.* Nogietek; *Pol.* Kabeleye; *Dan.* Kalfieka; *Swed.* Malmequer dos brejos; *Port.*

THIS beautiful flower is an object of great attraction to us at that early season of the year when it spreads its bright golden petals towards the extremity of its stem, which attains to the height of twelve or eighteen inches. In March, April, and May, in marshy districts, growing in the water, or by its brink, with their stout fleshy green stems, their large cheerful green leaves, and fine goblet-shaped flowers, they are very showy and ornamental. The number of flowers on each plant varies from one to six.

There can be no doubt that in looking upon the flowers of the field, as they present themselves to our view at the different seasons of the year, our appreciation of their beauties is very materially affected by attendant circumstances. The Snowdrop, the Crocus, and the Mezereon, exert a gladdening influence upon us, mainly because they are the first in the floral train; and as the year revolves, and each month offers to our notice a greater variety of flowers, so do their differing attractions increase, and charm the eye with their beautiful hues and fragrant odours. From these, however, the Marsh-mallow seems to be distinguished. In the soft and muddy beds of winter brooks, which are gradually narrowing in breadth and lessening in depth, this beautiful flower, painted with the richest gold, blooms apart from all other members of Flora's kingdom. We

cannot but admire its fine form, and wish that we could transplant it to our gardens, but very soon, as we pass the spot where it flowered the fairest, we find the waters subsided, the soil dry, and our pretty golden goblet of the marshes no more to be seen.

In the fenny fields of Cambridgeshire they are very plentiful, as well as in many other parts of England. They are perennial, and though we see nothing of the plants, in many spots where they bloomed, when the advanced year has dried up the winter brook which fed them, they present themselves every succeeding year in all the freshness of their spring beauty. The Marsh Marygold *(Caltha palustris)* belongs to the Linnæan class *Polyandria* and order *Polygynia*, and to the Natural order *Ranunculaceæ*.

Besides this, there is another indigenous species, Creeping Marsh Marygold *(C. radicans)*, which is furnished with triangular, instead of kidney-shaped leaves, and smaller flowers than the former. It is not uncommon, especially in mountainous districts in Scotland, flowering in May and June.

From the connexion, we are somewhat inclined to think that by the Marybudds, mentioned in the song in "Cymbeline," by the immortal Shakspeare, the Marsh Marygolds are intended.

Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies.
And winking Mary-budds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every pretty thing that bin,
My lady sweet arise,
Arise, arise!

The young buds of the Marsh Marygold are pickled and frequently used as a substitute for capers, which they very much resemble in form. They are supposed by some to be equally palatable with the berries of the Caper Spurge *(Euphorbia Lathyris)*, which is cultivated in our gardens for this purpose. Both the buds of the one and the berries of the other are extremely acrid in a raw state, and are rendered eatable only by the effect of the acid pickle.

SPRING GENTIAN.

Gentiana; *L.* La gentiane; *Fr.* Der enzian; *Ger.* Gentiaan; *Dutch.* La genziana; *Ital.* La jenciana; *Sp.* Gonetschafka; *Russ.*

> The root, which youth and health despise,
> Has merit in the sick man's eyes.
> The humble Gentian of the fields,
> For man a kindly tincture yields,
> Which fading powers of life renews;
> But warns him luxuries to refuse,
> Lest, haply, it may fail at length
> To give the weakened stomach strength.
>
> M.S.

How delightful it is, when rambling through verdant vales, climbing up the sloping sides of lofty hills, or wandering in the mazes of the wild forest, just as the trees are shooting forth their young leaves, inhaling the fresh air of returning spring, to come, ever and anon, upon some modest flower, which assures us that nature is fast recovering from the congealing yet healthful influence of winter. Such a flower is the Spring Gentian, which they, whose steps lead them through the dale of the Tees in the county of Durham, or into the recesses of the forest there, will find in abundance, in March and April, especially in the latter month, when it is in perfection; and it is exceedingly plentiful in the neighbourhood of Middleton, in that locality.

This beautiful flower is furnished with slender roots, having creeping branches, which put forth fibres and tufts of leaves, from the middle of which spring the

flowering stems. Its numerous leaves are sessile, of an acutely ovate form, the lower leaves being compressed together, and presenting the appearance of a rosette. The leaves of the stem are opposite, their bases nearly meeting and sheathing the stem, which is very short and quadrangular, terminating in a solitary flower. The corolla of the flower, which is of an intense blue colour, is cut into five egg-shaped, obtuse lobes, which are more or less crenated.

The Spring Gentian *(Gentiana verna)* is found chiefly in mountainous pastures, but it is not at all common. In Ireland, it grows near Gort, in the Burrow mountains between Gort and Galway. It is to be regretted that the lovers of nature are not always free from those jealousies, which are said so generally to disturb the breasts of men vieing with each other for distinction in different pursuits; for, alas! this pretty flower was the innocent cause of a breach of friendship between two scientific botanists, who for a long time had shared the honour and pleasure of any new discovery. But one of them, becoming acquainted with a locality in which this flower grew in great profusion, kept the knowledge of this treasure to himself; when, on the other accidentally learning the fact, an estrangement was the immediate consequence.

Rare as this flower is in its native localities, it is frequently cultivated in the garden as a border flower; it must not, however, be confounded with another species, namely, the dwarf or stemless Gentian *(G. acaulis)*, which is more hardy, and more commonly used for the purpose here named. This species is admitted by some botanists to be a native, but with considerable doubt,

being by many supposed to have wandered from the bed or border to the mountainous districts of South Wales, where it appears to grow naturally. It is very frequent in the mountain pastures of the continent of Europe, whence it is probable it was originally imported into this country. Nearly all the species of this beautiful genus of herbaceous plants possess much of that bitter principle which is so useful in medicine, abounding chiefly in the roots. The Yellow Gentian *(G. lutea)* is imported in large quantities, on account of its valuable tonic properties; but the Marsh Gentian *(G. Pneumanthe)*, whose habitat is in moist heaths and damp places, in various parts of England, especially the northern counties, is said to be equally good, and is much used in Russia, instead of the former species. The two following are also regarded by some as of equal value:—the Autumnal Gentian *(G. amarella)*, which is found in flower in the months of August and September, in grassy pastures upon limestone rocks; and the Field Gentian *(G. campestris)*, which is the commonest of the British species, growing in meadows and fields, particularly towards the sea, and is not so limited to limestone districts as the previous species. The inhabitants of the rural districts use these two last species indiscriminately, as a stomachic, mixing them with common Centaury *(Erythræa centaurium)*, and using the mixture as tea, taking one or two wine-glasses of the infusion in the day; it is found of great service in strengthening the digestive organs.

The following verses, composed by that excellent poet and amiable man, James Montgomery, seem to be intended for one of the species of Gentian, though they are

headed with the words, "The Gentianella," which flower *(Exacum filiforme)* is yellow, as are the other species of that genus. They are addressed to the plant, first, when in leaf, and secondly, when in flower.

IN LEAF.

Green as thou art, obscurely green,
Meanest of plants among the mean!
From the dust *I* took my birth;
Thou too art a child of earth.
I aspire not to be great;
Scorn not thou my low estate:
Wait the time, and thou shalt see
Honour crown humility;
Beauty set her seal on me.

IN FLOWER.

Blue thou art, intensely blue!
Flower, whence came thy dazzling hue?
When I opened first mine eye,
Upward glancing to the sky.
Straightway from the firmament,
Was the sapphire brilliance sent;
Brighter glory wouldst *thou* share?
Look to heaven and seek it there,
In the act of faith and prayer.

The genus, Gentiana, which is said to be so called in honour of a royal botanist, Gentius, king of Illyria, who, as Pliny says, first discovered its tonic properties, is placed in the Linnæan class *Pentandria* and order *Digynia*, and gives its own name to the Natural order *Gentianeæ*.

THE DAFFODIL.

Pseudo-Narcissus; *L.* Narcisse; *Fr.* Die narcisse; *Ger.* Narcis; *Dutch.* Narciso; *Ital.* and *Sp.* Narcizo; *Port.* Narcisse; *Dan.* Narsiss; *Swed.*

> O! Proserpina,
> For the flowers now, that frighted, thou let'st fall
> From Dis's wagon! Daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty.
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

THE family to which our present subject belongs is a very numerous one, and its various members are all beautiful. This perhaps is the only true native of our island, and may therefore be justly regarded as the British type of the tribe of plants commonly known by the name of Narcissus. The common Daffodil springs from an egg-shaped bulb, which is covered with a dark brown membrane; its leaves, which are linear, obtuse, and erect, make their appearance about the middle of February, and attain the height of eight or twelve inches; and between them rises the scape to about the same height, or perhaps to a greater, which is terminated by a single yellow flower, on a short footstalk, with a tube of no great length, its mouth being surrounded by a large bell-shaped crown of a rich gold colour, the margin divided more or less deeply into six dentated imperfect segments of circles.

The common Daffodil is frequent in the damp fields and moist meadows in different parts of England, and has an undoubted claim to be classed amongst the more *beautiful of our* favourite field flowers. In certain dis-

tricts in the Midland counties it is so abundant as to lead a stranger to imagine that they have been planted for a crop, rather than that they grew there merely in a wild state. It has also been introduced into the garden; but if pampered with richer soil than that of its native fields, the flower loses its light and elegant appearance, and becomes double and heavy.

The Daffodil has frequently been introduced into poetry, and made the theme of song. Spenser, in "The Faëry Queen," describes the black-eyed Cymoint, the mother of Marinell, as receiving the intelligence that he was slain by Britomartis, when

> She played
> Among her watery sisters, by a pond,
> Gathering sweet Daffodillies, to have made
> Gay garlands, from the sun their foreheads fair to shade.
> Eftsoons both flowers and garlands far away she flung,
> And her fair dewy locks yrent.

We are told that there was an annual festival on which Daffodils were scattered upon the flowing stream of the Severn, a custom to which Milton refers in Comus.

> There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
> That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
> Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
> Whilom, she was the daughter of Locrine,
> That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
> She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
> Of her enraged step-dame, Guendolen,
> Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
> That staid her flight with his cross flowing course,
> The water nymphs, that in the bottom played,
> Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,
> Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;
> Who, pitcous of her woes, reared her lank head,

And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectared lavers, strewed with asphodel;
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she revived,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made goddess of the river: still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds among the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she, with precious vialed liquors heals;
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy Daffodils.

Dryden also commemorates the same custom :—

The daughters of the flood have searched the mead
For violets pale, and cropped the poppy's head;
The short Narcissus and fair Daffodil;
Pansies to please the sight, and cassia sweet to smell.

Dr. Wordsworth was so struck with the appearance of a large number of the Daffodil in bloom, that he recorded his feelings in four very pretty verses;—feelings which were not limited in their influence to the time when he was gazing upon these beautiful flowers, but excited a gladdening power upon his mind when in retirement.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden Daffodils;
Beside the lake, beside the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle in the milky-way.
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the Daffodils.

The common Daffodil *(Narcissus Pseudo-Narcissus)* is placed in the Linnæan class *Hexandria* and order *Monogynia*, and in the Natural order *Amaryllideæ*.

THE LESSER CELANDINE.

Ficaria; *Dil.* La petite chelidoine; *Fr.* Feign-ranunkel; *Ger.* Speenkruied; *Dutch.* Celidonia minore; *Ital.* Ficaria; *Sp.* Celidonia menor; *Port.* Tschisttakmenscho; *Russ.*

> Pleasures newly found are sweet,
> When they lie about our feet;
> February last, my heart
> First at sight of thee was glad;
> All unheard of as thou art,
> Thou must needs I think, have had,
> Celandine! and long ago,
> Praise of which I nothing know.
>
> WORDSWORTH.

TIME, ever on the wing, brings us once more to that season of the year when we are disposed to look with more than usual eagerness for the return of our favourite flowers. Their abundance, in the summer, by dividing our attention, takes away that feeling of longing expectation which we entertain in reference to the small number, which venture first to peep forth, as winter recedes at the approach of spring. Now do we watch for the green tips of the Snowdrop emerging from the snowy vesture of the grove, or mark the gentle rising of the soil as the Crocus presses upwards to the genial light. Now, upon yonder grassy bank, we observe the pale-green leaves of the Primrose gradually unfolding; beneath that shady hedge-row, the small leaves of the sweet Violet peeping out, and on close examination, we find the buds of both flowers up-shooting from the midst; and within that stately grove, where many of its trees have stood for centuries, in open glades we notice the elegantly cut *leaves of the pale* Anemone; while the green pasture is

gemmed with yellow flowers, which nearly every one classes with the Buttercups of the more advanced year; but in truth, it is not to be so classed, although its specific name, *Ranunculoides*, expresses that it has some resemblance thereto.

Draw one from its bed and mark its root, with numerous fibres and lengthened fleshy tubers, from which shoot forth many stems, of varied lengths, some simple, and others branched, smooth and leafy, now erect, and now lying prostrate on the earth; and here we observe it differs somewhat from the common Buttercup, which elevates its upright stem to the height of eighteen inches or two feet, and clothes it more or less with slender hairs, putting forth from it, and its numerous branches, hairy leaves cut into three linear segments. The Celandine has numerous round, heart-shaped leaves, of a bright yellow-green, which are frequently spotted on the upper surface with black, the under surface being paler and occasionally glaucous. The flowers are solitary and erect, at the extremity of the stem, which rarely exceeds a few inches in length. The calyx, or flower-cup, consists of three spreading pieces, smooth and ribbed, of an oblong shape. The petals vary in number from eight to twelve, seldom exceeding the latter, and are commonly of a bright shining golden yellow. It is common in pastures, moist meadows, woods, and shady places, blooming in full beauty from March to May.

The herbage of the Celandine is sometimes eaten as greens in Sweden, and is esteemed as a useful antiscorbutic. It is considered to be injurious to moist grass lands, whence we are told it may be effectually *expelled* by a dressing of coal or wood ashes.

Dr. Deakin classes the Celandine, or as he also calls it Pilewort Crowfoot, in the genus *Ranunculus*, stating that "the calyx of this species is usually of three pieces, and the petals nine. It is not unfrequent, however, to find the calyx of five pieces, and the petals double that number, and sometimes the petals are only five; hence, the genus *Ficaria*, which was made to receive this plant as assumed to differ in the foregoing particulars from Ranunculus, being founded on unstable characters, is untenable."

It is the lot of man that in the cultivation of the soil he should have to contend with weeds and worthless plants, but no one can fail to admire the beauty and elegance of many flowers which we regard as a nuisance, and the Lesser Celandine has more than common claims upon our notice, if we only reflect that it has been the means of inspiring the poet Wordsworth with pleasant thoughts, which he has expressed in sweet poetry, addressed "To the small Celandine."

Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
  Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
  They will have a place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star;
Up and down the heavens they go,
  Men that keep a mighty rout
I'm as great as they, I trow,
  Since the day I found thee out.

Little flower!—I'll make a stir,
Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an Elf,
Bold and lavish of thyself;
Since we needs must first have met,
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'Twas a face I did not know;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood!
Travel with the multitude:
Never heed them, I aver
That they all are wanton wooers;
But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home;
Spring is coming, thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly unassuming spirit!
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane;—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befal the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours!

Buttercups that will be seen,
  Whether we will see or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien;
  They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine
Little, humble Celandine.

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill-requited upon earth;
Herald of a mighty band,
  Of a joyous train ensuing,
Serving at my heart's command,
  Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love!

The Lesser Celandine, or Pilewort, *(Ficaria ranunculoides)* belongs to the Linnæan class *Polyandria* and order *Polygynia*, and to the Natural order *Ranunculaceæ*.

RED VALERIAN.

Valeriana; *L.* La valeriane; *Fr.* Der baldrian; *Ger.* Valeriaan; *Dut.* Valeriana; *Ital., Span.,* and *Port.* Fai so; *Jap.* Balderjan; *Russ.* Koziki; *Pol.*

THOUGH all nature has been fearfully affected by the primeval curse, how abundantly does the earth teem with richest mercies for man. Thorns, and briers, and weeds, spring up to mar the effects of man's labours, but how many of these sources of vexation, these causes for the necessity of increased toil, have been rendered subservient to his well being, by the exertion of those mental powers which distinguish him from all other created beings inhabiting the earth. Not only do they minister to the maintenance and comforts of life, but even to the restoration of health, to the re-invigorating of that system, the disorganization and decay of which are among the chief consequences of that fatal sin, for which the sentence of death passed upon all men, and which included the corruption of all created things. The roots, and leaves, and flowers of many plants, and the bark of trees, have yielded to the physician the means of relieving and healing many of those thousand ills to which our flesh is heir, and among the number of these is the Wild Valerian *(Valeriana officinalis)*.

It is from the roots of this species of Valerian that we extract an aromatic tonic, which has been found so beneficial in nervous affections. These roots are tuberous, and furnished with long fibres. The stem of the plant rises erectly to the height of two to four feet, and is hollow and smooth, sometimes hairy below. The

leaves are placed opposite one another and clasp the stem. The flowers are small, growing in large, heavily branched corymbs, fragrant, and are generally of a light rose colour, but sometimes white. The corolla is tubular, and cut at the margin into five obtuse spreading segments, nearly equal. It is perennial, and blooms in the months of June and July, chiefly inhabiting the moist banks of rivers and the sides of woods. Oh, how many at this glorious season of the year, pine to leave the crowded city, and wander amid the cool shades of the forest! How many long to lie down upon the verdant bank of some bubbling stream, beneath the spreading branches of the willow, and there to meditate on the wonders of creation, or gather instruction from the pages written by those who have well investigated them! We may fancy Grahame to have had this yearning, without the power of gratifying it, or he deeply sympathized with those who were so circumstanced when he composed the following lines:—

> Unhappy he, who, in this season, pent
> Within the darksome gloom of city lane,
> Pines for the flowery paths and woody shades,
> From which the love of lucre, or of power,
> Enticed his youthful steps. In vain he turns
> The rich descriptive page of Thomson's muse,
> And strives to fancy that the lovely scenes
> Are present. So the hand of childhood tries
> To grasp the pictured bunch of fruit or flowers,
> But, disappointed, feels the canvass smooth:
> So the caged lark, upon a withering turf
> Flutters from side to side, with quivering wings,
> As if in act of mounting to the skies.

Botanical writers have generally derived the name from

the Latin verb *valere, to be powerful,* on account of its powers of healing.

The species figured in our group is the Red Valerian *(V. rubra)*, which is somewhat more showy than the preceding, but not quite so common, nor yet possessing the same medicinal properties. It is usually found on old walls, and in waste places; is very plentiful in the chalk pits of Kent; and appears to be growing wild about Matlock, in Derbyshire. The British Botanist, and the Hortus Kewensis, claim it as a native plant, but Gerarde, Ray, and Parkinson, do not acknowledge it to be such. Dr. Sibthorp noticed it on the walls of Merton College, Oxford; and Mr. Martyn found it in great abundance at Merton Abbey, in Surrey. It was found also in Cambridgeshire, at Babraham and Coton, near Cambridge, as well as on the walls connected with Ely Cathedral, by Mr. Relham. It was lately very common on the walls which bound the gardens attached to the episcopal palace, at Chichester, in Sussex. Its time of flowering is from June to September.

The Valerian belongs to the Linnæan class *Triandria* and order *Dygynia*, and to the Natural order *Valerianeæ*.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Convallaria; *L.* Le muguet; *Fr.* Die mayblume; *Ger.* Lelietjes van den dale; *Dutch.* Il mughetto; *Ital.* Azucena del valle; *Sp.* Landisch; *Russ.* Konwalia; *Pol.*

> No flower amid the garden fairer grows
> Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale,
> The queen of flowers.
>
> KEATS.

THE lowly Lily of the Vale is one of the especial favourites of the fair sex. It most delights in shady and secluded spots, where it sheds its sweet fragrance, which is so delicate that it is seldom perceived but at dewy eve. In such places it puts forth two or three leaves of a lance-like egg-shape form, of three or four inches in length, and of a beautiful deep green. A mid-rib runs through the leaf, with numerous parallel veins. The leaves grow upon long footstalks, which are thin and fold over each other, the flower scape being enveloped at the base by several obtuse pale pink or white membranous sheaths. The erect scape is round, sometimes rather angular, of four to six inches in length, with a raceme at the extremity of drooping purely white flowers, yielding, as we have said, a delightful fragrance. Each of the flowers grows on a slender curved stalk, from the bottom of a long thin bractea, about half its length. This beautiful plant is easy of cultivation in shady and retired parts of gardens,

This elegant plant may frequently be found in thickets and woods, more especially in hilly and rocky districts, in the merry month of May. Very few flowers

have been more celebrated by poets than this, for they have generally regarded it in connection with that beautiful comparison which our blessed Lord made between the Lilies of the Field and the gorgeous splendour of Solomon's regal robes; "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." We have little doubt that the scarlet martagon Lily *(Lilium chalcedonicum)*, which is said to very plentiful in Syria, is the flower referred to in this comparison; nevertheless we may consider the Lily of the Valley as a very suitable substitute for our minds to rest upon, in meditating on the utter insignificance of all artificial grandeur in comparison with the humblest flower that decks the fields. How well does Prior institute the comparison!

Take but the humble Lily of the field,
And if our pride will to our reason yield,
It must by sure comparison be shown,
That in the regal seat great David's son,
Arrayed in all his robes and types of power,
Shines with less glory than that simple flower.

Bernard Barton also poetizes the lesson we may learn from the Lilies of the Field, not to be too anxious or solicitous concerning the things of this life.

Consider ye the Lilies of the field,
Which neither toil or spin,—not regal pride,
In all its plenitude of pomp revealed,
Could hope to charm their beauties placed beside.
If heavenly goodness thus for them provide,
Which bloom to-day and wither on the morrow;
Shall not your wants be from your God supplied,
Without your vain anxiety and sorrow?
O! ye of little faith, from these a lesson borrow!

Nature is not silent about her origin as some would persuade themselves that she is. The revolving seasons, producing by their changes the rich fruits of the earth, and supplying food for man, and beast, and feathered fowl. The beasts and feathered fowl, nurtured by the green herbage and the fattening grain, in their turn sustain man. The glorious sun, the moon with her borrowed light, the shining planets and glittering stars, all in their several courses are ministrant to the mysterious mechanism by which the earth is kept in motion. All these exhibit such harmony, both in their operation and effects, that we can only conceive them to be constructed and governed by One Mind, Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omnipresent! And if we confine ourselves to the consideration of particulars; if we look only upon the meanest flower that blooms in untrodden wilds, we cannot for one moment doubt by whose creative power it sprung up; by whose providential superintendence it is perpetuated. Bishop Mant has so beautifully described this in pleasing poetry, in connection with the Lily of the Valley, that we shall freely quote from him here. Addressing the flower he thus writes:

Fair flower, that, lapt in lowly glade,
Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade
Than whom the vernal gale
None fairer wakes, on bank, or spray,
Our England's Lily of the May,
Our Lily of the Vale!

But not the less, sweet spring-tide's flower,
Dost thou display the Maker's power,
His skill and handy-work;
Our western valleys' humble child,
Where, in green nook of woodland wild,
Thy modest blossoms lurk.

What though nor care nor art be thine,
The loom to ply, the thread to twine,
Yet born to bloom and fade,
Thee too a loveller robe arrays,
Than e'en in Israel's brightest days,
Her wealthiest kings arrayed.

Instinct with life thy fibrous root,
Which sends from earth the ascending shoot,
As rising from the dead,
And fills thy veins with verdant juice,
Charged thy fair blossoms to produce,
And berries scarlet red;

The triple cell, the two-fold seed,
A ceaseless treasure house decreed,
Whence aye thy race may grow,
As from creation they have grown,
While spring shall weave her flowery crown,
Or vernal breezes blow.

Who forms thee thus, with unseen hand?
Who at creation gave command,
And will'd thee thus to be;
And keeps thee still in being, through
Age after age revolving? Who
But the great God is He?

Omnipotent to work His will;
Wise, who contrives each part to fill
The post to each assigned;
Still provident, with sleepless care,
To keep; to make thee sweet and fair
For man's enjoyment—kind!

"There is no God," the senseless say:
"O God! why cast'st Thou us away?"
Of feeble faith and frail,
The mourner breathes his anxious thought;
By thee a better lesson taught,
Sweet Lily of the Vale.

Yes, He Who made and fosters thee,
In reason's eye perforce must be
Of majesty divine.
Nor deems she, that His guardian care
Will He in man's support forbear,
Who thus provides for thine.

Much more poetry there is, that is beautiful, which we would gladly transfer to our pages, referring to this lovely flower, but want of room forbids; and we can only add, that the Lily of the Valley *(Convallaria majalis)* belongs to the Linnæan class *Hexandria* and order *Monogynia*, and to the Natural order *Smilaceæ*.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

Cheiranthus; *L.* La girofiée; *Fr.* Die leucoje; *Ger.* Violier; *Dutch.* Leucojo; *Ital.* Alheli; *Sp.* Goiveiro; *Port.* Nægeisi; *Arab.* Gwoditschnüja fialke; *Russ.*

Ye wall-flowers, shed your tints of golden dye,
On which the morning sunbeams love to rest,
On which, when glory fills the glowing west,
The parting splendours of the day's decline,
With fascination to the heart addressed,
So tender and beautifully shine,
As if reluctant still to leave that hoary shrine.

BARTON.

THE common Wall-flower breathes out such an agreeable fragrance that it has ever found and retained a place in the gardens of all classes of society. It blooms abundantly in the months of April and May, indifferent whether its roots are planted in rich soil or poor, and consequently we always find the Wall-flower bound up in rustic nosegays. In the garden there are many varieties of all shades of colour, from pale yellow to deepest blood-red, the last being most odoriferous. The plant, however, with which we have more concern at the present, most delights to grow in crevices of old walls, the mouldering ruins of decayed and decaying abbeys, castles, and monasteries, to which it seems to cling with unshaken tenacity. Hence the flower has been made the emblem of "Friendship in adversity," and right justly too, since the devastations of time, the rude hand of the kingly or noble despoiler of consecrated places, may waste and overthrow the structures, and leave them un-

inhabited; but there the Wall-flower still blooms and scatters its fragrance over the heaped ruins. In such its character it is described by Moir, the "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine.*

The wall-flower—the wall-flower,
How beautiful it blooms;
It gleams above the ruined tower,
Like sunlight over tombs;
It sheds a halo of repose
Around the wrecks of time;—
To beauty give the flaunting rose,
The wall-flower is sublime.

Flower of the solitary place!
Grey ruin's golden crown!
Thou lendest melancholy grace
To haunts of old renown;
Thou mantlest o'er the battlement,
By strife or storm decayed;
And fillest up each envious rent
Time's canker-tooth hath made.

Whither hath fled the choral band
That filled the abbey's nave?
Yon dark sepulchral yew-trees stand
O'er many a level grave;
In the belfry's crevices, the dove
Her young brood nurseth well,
Whilst thou lone flower! dost shed above
A sweet decaying smell.

Sweet wall-flower—sweet wall-flower!
Thou conjurest up to me,
Full many a soft and sunny hour
Of boyhood's thoughtless glee:
When joy from out the daisies grew
In woodland pastures green,
And summer skies were far more blue
Than since they e'er have been.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay,
The rose is summers guest;
Bland are thy charms when these decay—
Of flowers, first, last, and best!
There may be gaudier on the bower,
And statelier on the tree;
But wall-flower, loved wall-flower,
Thou art the flower for me!

The common Wall-flower *(Cheirnthus cheiri)* is furnished with a shrubby stem, throwing out angular branches. Its leaves are lance-shaped, acute, and hoary beneath, with simple hairs pressed on the surface. It belongs to the Linnæan class *Tetradynamia* and order *Siliquosa*, and to the Natural order *Crucifera*.

THE WILD GERANIUM.

Geranium; *Hort.* **La geranion**; *Fr.* **Der storchsnabel**; *Ger.* **Oljevaarsbek**; *Dutch.* **Geranio**; *Ital.* and *Port.* **Jereino**; *Sp.* **Schuratelinei nos**; *Russ.* **Pychawiec**; *Pol.*

Of the Wild Geranium, or Crane's-bill, there are many indigenous species, of which the Dusky Crane's-bill *(Geranium phæum)* is perhaps the most showy; and consequently it is not surprising to find it frequently cultivated in gardens. Its native habitat is chiefly in the thickets and woods of the rocky and hilly districts of the north of England, where it grows to about two feet high. The leaves are placed alternately on the stem, their lobes being sharply cut and serrated, very deeply veined, and convex, with a downy pubescence, as is also the calyx. Its root is perennial, and the flowers bloom in May and June.

We shall only mention, in this place, one other species, which is usually known as Herb Robert *(G. Robertianum)*. It is at once a very common and very elegant plant, and well fitted to every variety of soil and to any aspect. The whole herb is more or less hairy, and very brittle. The stems are branched and spreading. The leaves grow on long footstalks, and are cut into five angles in their general outline; the segments are deeply cut, and the points are all very sharp; the flowers are very bright and conspicuous, their petals being entirely of a red or purple colour, with longitudinal white streaks from the base. The flower has a very strong and peculiar odour, which we think very disagreeable, and probably

this accounts for its not often being introduced into the parterre. It is very abundant about Cambridge, blooming profusely through the summer and far into the autumn. It is an annual.

The Wild Geranium or Crane's-bill is in the Linnæan class *Monodelphia* and order *Decandria*, and in the Natural order *Geraniaceæ*.

THE WILD STRAWBERRY.

Fragaria; *Ton.* **Le fraisier**; *Fr.* **Die erdbeerpflanze**; *Ger.* **Aardbezie**; *Dutch.* **Fragaria**; *Ital.* **Fresera**; *Sp.* **Morangueiro**; *Port.* **Semljaniza**; *Russ.*

Strawberry blossoms, one and all,
We must spare them,—here are many—
Look at it,—the flower is small,
Small and low, though fair as any;
Do not touch it! * * *
* * * * * *
When the months of spring are fled,
Hither let us bend our walk;
Lurking berries, ripe and red,
Then will hang on every stalk,
Each within its leafy bower;
And for that promise spare the flower.

WORDSWORTH.

THE face of April is like that of the infant, where smiles and tears follow one another in quick succession. As the small rain falls upon the tender herb, its drops are often seen to sparkle in the radiant sunbeams; and the blue sky appears in patches between the clouds which drop fatness upon the earth. Now we ramble to well-known haunts where violets are blooming, and the golden primrose, and ever and anon do we find the pretty white flower of the Wild Strawberry, now beneath a sheltering hedge, now upon the shady bank, and again in the deep recesses of the wood.

We have noticed more particularly in the article on the Cinquefoil, the structure of the Strawberry plant; and we need do no more than advert to the well-known *delicious flavour* of the fruit which has caused it to be

cultivated to a wonderful extent. It is one of the most wholesome of fruits, not being liable to turn acid on the stomach, a property which it possesses in connexion with the Mulberry. With this article our allotted task is closed, and we cannot find a more appropriate termination to it than the lines of Bishop Mant, on April Flowers.

Nor, April, fail with scent and hue,
To grace the lowlier blossoms new.
Not only that, where weak and scant
Peeped forth the early primrose plant,
Now shine profuse unnumbered eyes,
Like stars that stud the wintry skies;
But that its sister cowslip's nigh,
With no unfriendly rivalry.
Of form and tint, and fragrant smells,
O'er the green fields their yellow bells
Unfold, bedropt with tawny red,
And meekly bend the drooping head.
Not only that the fringed edge
Of heath, or bank, or pathway hedge,
Glows with the furze's golden bloom;
But mingling now, the verdant broom,
With flowers of rival lustre deck'd,
Uplifts its shapelier form erect.
And there upon the sod below,
Ground ivy's purple blossoms show,
Like helmet of Crusader Knight,
Its anther's crosslike form of white;
And lesser periwinkle's bloom,
Like carpet of Damascus' loom,
Pranks with bright blue the tissue wove
Of verdant foliage: and above,
With milk-white flowers, whence soon shall swell
Rich fruitage, to the taste and smell
Pleasant alike the strawberry weaves
Its coronets of three-fold leaves,
In mazes through the sloping wood.
Nor wants there in her dreamy mood,

What fancy's sportiveness may think
A cup, whence midnight elves might drink
Delicious drops of nectared dew,
While they their fairy sports pursue,
And roundelays by fount or rill—
The streaked and chequered daffodil.
  Nor wants there many a flower beside,
On holt, and hill, and meadow pied;
With pale green bloom the upright box,
And woodland crowfoot's golden locks;
And yellow cinquefoil's hairy trail;
And saxifrage with petal pale;
And purple bilberry's globe-like head;
And cranberry's bells of rosy red;
And creeping groundsel blue and bright;
And cranes-bill's streaks of red and white,
On purple with soft leaves of down,
And golden tulip's turbaned crown,
Sweet scented on its bending stem;
And bright-eyed star of Bethlehem;
With those, the firstlings of their kind,
Which through the bosky thickets wind
Their tendrils, vetch, or pea, or tare,
At random; and with many a pair
Of leafits green the brake embower.
And many a pendant-painted flower.

The Wild Strawberry *(Fragaria vesca)* blooms in April and May, and is placed in the Linnæan class *Icosandria* and order *Polygynia*, and in the Natural order *Rosaceæ*.

THE END.

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THOMAS HARRILD, PRINTER, SILVER STREET, FALCON SQUARE.